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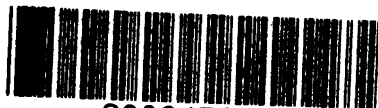
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THE
V I C A R
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A T A L E.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

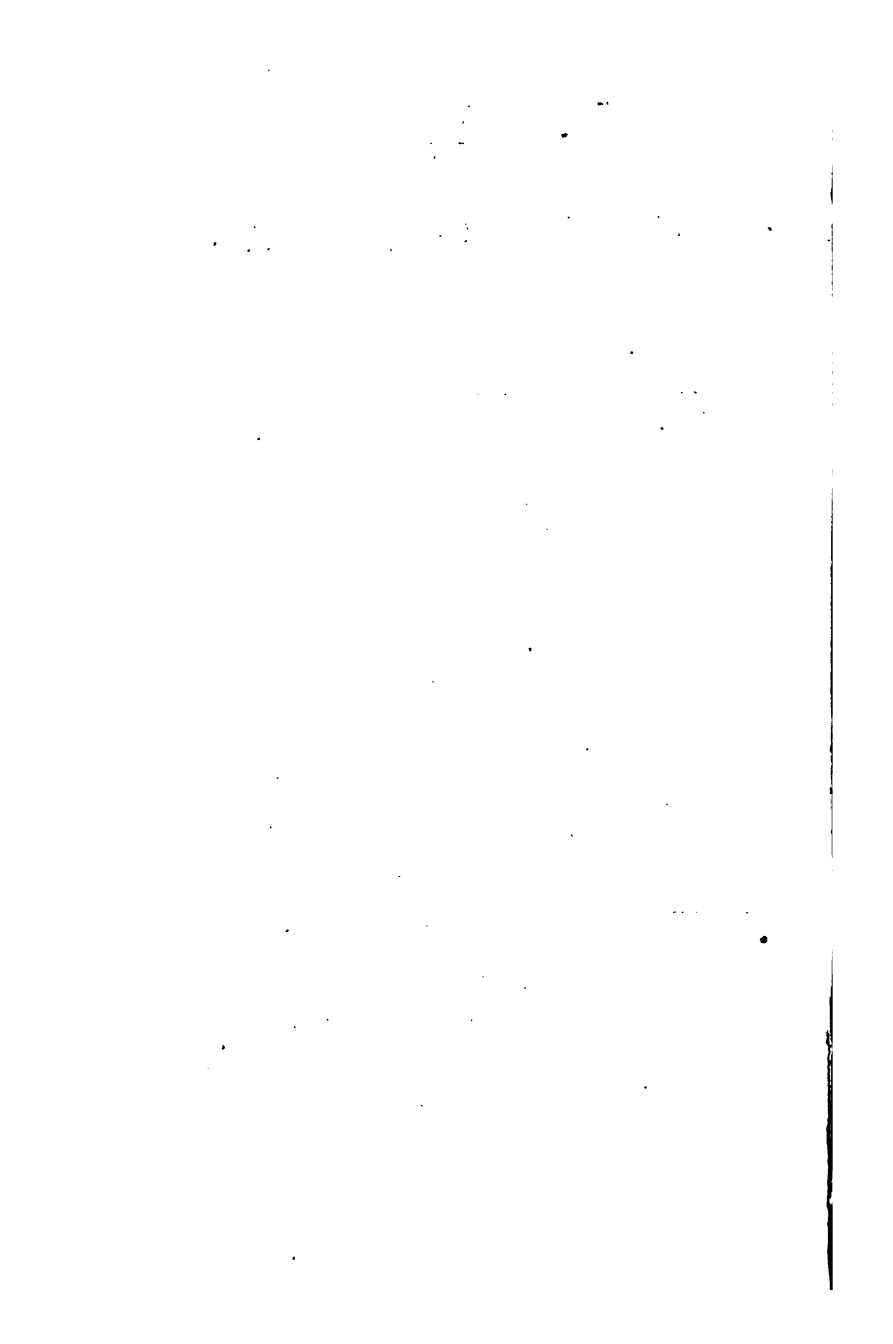
Sperate miseri, cavete felices.

V O L. I.

SALISBURY:

Printed by B. COLLINS,
For F. NEWBERRY, in Pater-Noster-Row, London.

M D C C L X V I.



PREFACE.

THE Vicar of Wakefield was first published in March, 1766, by Francis Newbery, of Paternoster Row, nephew to John Newbery, "the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's churchyard." There are several contemporary accounts of the circumstances connected with its entry into the world, each differing from the rest, though rather in details than in essentials. The earliest of these in point of date is to be found in the volume published by Mrs. Piozzi in 1786, under the title of Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., during the last Twenty Years of his Life [i.e. from 1764 to 1784.] For the greater part of this period Mrs. Piozzi was the wife of Johnson's friend Thrale. At pp. 119-20 she says:—

"I have forgotten the year, but it could scarcely I think be later than 1765 or 1766, that he [Johnson] was called abruptly from our house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said, he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which when finished was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it to sale. Mr. Johnson therefore set away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance,

and desiring some immediate relief; which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment.

"It was not till ten years after, I dare say, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour struck me with an idea that he was the very man, and then Johnson confessed that he was so; the novel was the charming *Vicar of Wakefield*."

The next version of the story is given by Sir John Hawkins (*Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 2nd Edn., 1787, pp. 420 and 421*):—

"Of the booksellers whom he styled his friends, Mr. Newbery was one. This person had apartments in Canonbury-house, where Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors. Under a pressing necessity he there wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and for it received of Newbery forty pounds."* A few lines further on he says: "In the latter [i.e. poverty] he was at one time so involved, that for the clamours of a woman, to whom he was indebted for lodging, and for bailiffs that waited to arrest him, he was equally unable, till he had made himself drunk, to stay within doors, or go abroad to hawk among the booksellers a piece of his writing, the title whereof my author [my authority?] does not remember. In this distress he sent for Johnson, who immediately went to one of them, and brought back money for his relief."

After Hawkins comes Boswell. Boswell personally disliked both his predecessors, who he says (vol. i., p. 225,

* This paragraph is not in the 1st Edn. of the same year.

ed. 1791) have "strangely mis-stated" the facts; and he proceeds to give them "authentically" from what he affirms to be Johnson's "own exact narration":—

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Last, but—to reverse the current phrase—certainly least in importance, is the narrative of Goldsmith's old rival for dramatic honours, Richard Cumberland, whose *Memoirs*, written by himself, were first published in 1806. "I have," he says, at pp. 372-3, vol. i., of the 8vo. edn. of 1807, "heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstance of his rescuing him [Goldsmith] from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchase money of his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which he sold on his behalf to Doddsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady for board and lodging of some few

pounds, and was at his wits'-end how to wipe off the score and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, while her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate he was found by Johnson in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it; when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Doddsley, who paid down the price above-mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces."

In all these varying accounts—the discrepancies of which scarcely deserve minute attention—it will be remarked that no reference is made to Goldsmith himself as the source of information, while all the writers, Hawkins excepted, profess to have obtained their data direct from Johnson, the only other actor in the drama. It is also manifest that each narrator reproduces, in more or less accurate form, one and the same incident. Goldsmith's necessity, Johnson's intervention, the consequent sale of a book in manuscript,—these features are common to them all. The difference consists in the details which each adds, alters or omits; and it becomes a question which, on the whole, is most worthy of credit. In this respect Boswell has greatly the

advantage over his competitors. His method of reporting, though by no means perfect, was unusually painstaking and exact. His chronicle is, in addition, that of a man to whom chronicling was a self-imposed function; and who was not recording his random recollections, or reviving the faded impressions of half-forgotten things. Cumberland's semi-apocryphal Memoirs were composed when he was a septuagenarian, and a septuagenarian, moreover, who had apparently neglected to read Boswell's Life; Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes were jotted down in Italy, far from Johnson's contemporaries, and long after the events to which they relate; while the jumbled paragraphs of Sir John Hawkins plainly bear upon them the marks either of imperfect information or imperfect apprehension. Boswell's story alone wears an air of veracity, and it has generally been regarded as the accepted version.

Boswell, however, makes one notable omission—he gives no date for the incident he describes. Mrs. Piozzi, or, as it will be most convenient to call her, Mrs. Thrale, thinks that it could not have been later than 1765 or 1766. It was, demonstrably, earlier than this. "The bookseller," Johnson told Boswell, "had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the Traveller had appeared." "It was written and sold to a bookseller before his Traveller, but published after," he says again, in terms that could scarcely be more explicit. The Traveller—Goldsmith's first long poem—appeared on the 19th December, 1764. Thus we get a definite date before which the sale must have taken place; and Goldsmith's biographers, while refraining from anything like authoritative statement, seem to have practically de-

*cided that it cannot have been much before—in fact that, as one of them says, it was “late in 1764.” And, indeed, this would seem to follow naturally from any attempt to reconcile the evidence of the two witnesses best acquainted with the facts, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. Johnson, whose presence is essential to the story, was away with Percy in Northamptonshire during part of June, July, and August, and had not returned to London on the 19th of the last-mentioned month, when he wrote a letter to Reynolds, which Boswell prints. After he got back, he made the acquaintance, for the first time, of Thrale and his wife. If, setting aside minor inconsistencies, it be assumed that Mrs. Thrale can scarcely have been mistaken in dating the occurrence after her first acquaintance with the great man, we are driven to the conclusion that Goldsmith's arrest by his landlady must have taken place at some time between August the 19th and December the 19th, 1764. This would favour the conjecture now from habit almost regarded as an established fact, that the landlady was Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, and that the lodging was the room at Islington which, as the accounts printed by Prior and Forster incontestably prove, Goldsmith occupied during April, May, and June in 1764, and perhaps later. Up to June, John Newbery the bookseller, for whom the author of the *Vicar* was chiefly working, had, by arrangement, paid his bills for board and lodging; and it has not unreasonably been concluded that Goldsmith's misadventure arose from the temporary withdrawal of John Newbery's aid.*

Unfortunately the minutest pin-prick from a fact or date is generally fatal to the most artfully inflated surmises. From an ancient account-book, which is at present

in the keeping of Mr. Charles Welsh, but formerly belonged to one B. Collins, Printer, of Salisbury, it seems that, as far back as the 28th of October, 1762, the said B. Collins had purchased of "Dr. Goldsmith, the Author," for £21, a third share in the Vicar of Wakefield. The problem, therefore, becomes one, not of reconciling Boswell's story with that of Mrs. Thrale, who must be left henceforth in undisturbed enjoyment of her reputation for what Johnson himself stigmatised as her "laxity of narration," but of bringing Boswell's story into agreement with the fresh information contributed to the question by this hitherto unrevealed transaction of B. Collins of Salisbury. It must be confessed that the solution is not an easy one. Still, the record in Collins's account-book is supported by several collateral circumstances. The reference in chapter ix. of the Vicar to the famous "musical glasses" which were in full vogue circa 1761-62, and that in chapter xix. to Arthur Murphy's paper, the Auditor; which only began its career on the 10th June, 1762, seem to point unmistakably to the middle of that year as the date at or about which the book was being written. Then, again, when it was ultimately printed, Collins himself was the printer; and he was undoubtedly at some time possessed of a third share in it, because, as will presently*

* Mr. Welsh is a member of the firm of Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh, of St. Paul's Churchyard, the latest successors to John Newbery. He is at present engaged upon a long-expected life of the old bookseller and publisher, in which it is hoped some of these knotty questions may receive their definite disentanglement.

be shewn, he afterwards sold a third share. Lastly, the price which he paid for his third share in 1762, putting guineas for pounds, corresponds with a third of the price which, according to Boswell's account, Johnson obtained for the manuscript. In order to harmonise the facts, we must therefore assume that the unnamed bookseller of Johnson, at his pressing solicitation, advanced the whole of the price agreed upon, leaving the question of the partners in his venture for subsequent settlement. Or it may be, that when Johnson said "I brought Goldsmith the money," he did not mean the whole sum, but an instalment. In this way the statement of Collins that he purchased his third share from the author would be explained; and the apparent absence of any receipt on Goldsmith's part for the £60 satisfactorily accounted for.

But who was Johnson's unnamed bookseller? Hawkins says Newbery; Cumberland, Doddsley. The circumstances seem to point to John Newbery. He had already employed, and continued to employ Goldsmith; and it may be that the arrangement by which he afterwards paid for Goldsmith's board and lodging at Mrs. Fleming's in Islington* was the outcome of this experience of the author's manners and customs. On the other hand, his

* Mrs. Fleming, it may be observed, in the above circumstances, is wholly cleared from her traditional reputation as an arbitrary landlady, since Goldsmith's first residence in her house appears to have been subsequent to the 28th October, 1762. (Cf. Forster's Life, Bk. iii., chap. vii.)

nephew, Francis Newbery, who eventually published the book, may have been the man, although there is a doubt whether Francis Newbery was actively in business at this date. But whether one or the other is not of great moment, since by the time of publication the business relations of the uncle and nephew were of the most intimate and intricate kind. They sold and advertised each other's books,—nay, in one case, at least, John Newbery seems to have paid for the manuscript of a book which his nephew issued. It would therefore appear that, although their places of business were different, their interests were virtually identical, a supposition which is confirmed by the fact that another Francis Newbery, John Newbery's son, in a manuscript autobiography, soon, we trust, to be given to the public, speaks of the Vicar as if it had been published by his father, apparently regarding the two houses as one firm.

The case, then, stands thus. The manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield in 1762 belonged to three persons. They had, however, so little hope of its success that they consented to throw it aside for what has hitherto been supposed to be some fifteen months, but must now be extended to more than three years, for it was not published until March 27, 1766. After passing languidly through Collins's press at Salisbury, it made its modest *débüt* in two volumes, 12mo., "price six shillings bound, or five shillings sewed."* A second edition followed on May 31, and a third on August 29. Both of these, like the

* The following is a copy of the original advertisement from the Public Advertiser of March 27, 1766:—

editio princeps, were "printed for F. Newbery;" but in December, 1767, John Newbery died at Canonbury House, and owing to arrangements arising out of his decease, the book seems to have passed to his son, Francis Newbery, jun., and T. Carnan, his son's partner, whose joint names figure on the title-page of the 4th edition of 1770. By this time the sale, which must have been rapid in 1766, had gradually grown slow. "The fourth edition," writes Mr. Welsh, to whom we are indebted for some further extracts from the Collins papers, "started with a loss." "It consisted of one thousand copies, which cost £58 5s. 2½d. The sale realised £157 13s. 6d. The profit of £99 was divided equally between Mr. Strahan [here we get the name of a possessor, and perhaps an original possessor, of a third share], Mr. Collins, and Carnan and Newbery. Collins had so little faith in the book continuing to sell, that he sold his third share to Carnan for £5 5s." This unhopeful view on Collins's

This Day is published,

In two Volumes in Twelves, Price 6s. bound, or
5s. sewed,

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,

A Tale.

Supposed to be written by Himself.

'Seperate (*sic*) miseri cavete fœlices.'

Printed for F. Newbery, at the Crown in Pater-
noster Row,

Of whom may be had, Price 1s. 6d. The
Traveller, or, a Prospect of Society," a Poem.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

part is borne out by the circumstances attending the production of the fifth edition, which is generally supposed to have been issued in 1773, the date upon the title-page. As a matter of fact, its issue was deferred until April, 1774, the month in which Goldsmith died; and notwithstanding the statements of Forster and others, the sixth edition was not published until March, 1779. Assuming that the fifth, like the fourth edition, was limited to one thousand copies, it took nearly nine years to sell two thousand copies. The demand for the book in its early days, or, at all events, for the authorised edition, cannot therefore have been quite so urgent as has been usually supposed. Its subsequent progress, which it is impossible to pursue in detail here, will be found in the Bibliography which accompanies this Preface.

Among the other questions which speculation has not neglected with regard to Goldsmith's novel, is the part of the country in which the story is laid, and the place which gives it its title. Why "Wakefield"? Joseph Cradock, in the confused and rambling Memoirs which he put forth in 1828, explains this (vol. iv., p. 286) by a statement which he professes to make upon Goldsmith's own authority. He says that Wakefield was fixed on as the field of action because the Vicar was written to defray the expenses of a visit to this very town. If, which is in the highest degree improbable, there be any real ground for this story, it would be entirely destructive of Boswell's account after Johnson. But, on the other hand, it is not impossible that the names and localities may have been suggested by an actual tour in Yorkshire. This idea has been worked out with great ingenuity by Mr. Edward Ford in an article contributed by him in May, 1883, to

*the National Review. Starting from Wakefield, he identifies the "small cure" seventy miles off, to which Dr. Primrose moves in chap. iii., vol. i., with Kirkby Moorside in the North Riding. This point established, Welbridge Fair, where Moses sells the colt (chap. xii., and chap vi., vol. ii.) easily becomes Welburn; Thornhill Castle, a few miles further, stands for Helmsley; "the wells" (chap. xviii.) for Harrogate; and "the races" (ibid.) for Doncaster. The "rapid stream," in chap. iii., where Sophia was nearly drowned, he conjectures to have been near the confluence of the Swale and Ouse at Boroughbridge, "within thirty miles" (p. 21) of Kirkby Moorside, and the county gaol in chap. v., vol. ii., he places "eleven miles off" (p. 86) at Pickering. But for the further details of this seductive, if not conclusive enquiry, as well as the conjectural identification of Sir William Thornhill with the equally eccentric Sir George Savile, and of the travelling limner of chap. xvi., vol. i., with Romney the artist, the reader is referred to the article itself.**

It is the happy privilege of editors of first editions that they do not require to concern themselves greatly with variæ lectiones. Not that, in the present case, these are either

* Mr. Ford has recently pointed out to the present writer that in the *History of Miss Stanton*, published in the *British Magazine* for July, 1760, and attributed to Goldsmith, there is a minor confirmation of his theory. The old clergyman of the *History*, which was regarded by Sir James Prior and others as containing the germ of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, lived "within ten miles of H., a town in the north of England." "H," argues Mr. Ford, is obviously Helmsley.

numerous or important. After his manuscript was finally disposed of, Goldsmith seems to have troubled himself but little about the book, alleging as his reason a practical if not a sufficient one. "He gave me," he said, speaking of his publisher to Dr. Farr, who is quoted in the *Percy Memoir* of 1801, "£60 for the copy,* and had I made it ever so perfect or correct, I should not have had a shilling more." Still, though no material additions appear to have been made (and there are certainly one or two places where explanation seems needed),† a few minor modifications found their way into subsequent issues. If the reader will turn to p. 104 of the present volume, he will see that Mr. Burchell's effective and time-honoured comment upon the polite loquacity of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and my Lady Blarney is not repeated at the end of each paragraph as in the current versions. This obvious improvement first appears in the second edition. At p. 45, again, the phrase, "for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished at his simplicity," applied to Moses, is afterwards omitted—probably because it was too nearly applicable to Goldsmith himself. There are some other alterations, which are scarcely weighty enough to detain us here. Tradition

* Dr. Farr, in repeating Goldsmith's words, qualifies the amount:—"He gave me (I think he said) £60 for the copy, etc."

† Mr. Ford instances, *inter alia*, the references to "my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me" (vol. i., p. 134). Upon this the antecedent text throws no light whatever.

has, however, preserved two passages struck out from the original MS. before publication, which deserve a final word. For these Johnson is the authority. One was, "I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing"—a sentiment which Boswell rightly described as fine; and, "When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false." Of the former there is no trace; but a memory of the latter seems to linger in the words of George Primrose, at pp. 5, 6, vol. ii., "I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new." Perhaps this is what Johnson recollected, but overlooked when he read the Vicar in type.

Since the above was written, there has come to light a Goldsmith document which would seem, in obscure fashion, to indicate further pecuniary transactions in connection with the publication of the Vicar. Among the valuable autographs collected by the late Lord Houghton is the following, the reproduction of which here is kindly permitted by the present Lord:—

"I promise to pay Mr. Newbery five guineas for value received.

"April 29th 1766.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Under this, in a different but apparently contemporary hand and ink, are the words "Vicar of Wakefield"; under this again, in what look like Goldsmith's own faint pencil-marks:—"This money, when y^e Book is sub-

scribed, is to be received of y^e Publiſher." *Interesting as this relic is, it is rendered more ſo by ſome words which are written at the back:—"Seen by me this day.*

WALTER SCOTT. 19 May 1825."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

PORTH-Y-FELIN,
EALING, W.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

THE following Bibliography, which—like that prefixed to the facsimile reprint of Rasselas—claims to be the first of its kind, is tentative rather than exhaustive. Copious as it seems, there are doubtless editions of Goldsmith's master-piece which have no place in it; while most of those published in English on the Continent for educational purposes have been designedly omitted. So also have those issues which form part of the author's selected or complete works. On the other hand, nearly all the copies here included have been examined de visu. As to the remainder, the particulars of which are borrowed from Quérard, Brinkman, Brunet, Kayser, Lorenz, Leyboldt, Lowndes, and other similar authorities, the Compiler must content himself with the caveat of old Sir John Mandeville:—"They seyn, but I have not sene it." He desires however to express his obligations for valuable indications to Mr. Edward Solly, F.R.S., Mr. E. Ford of Enfield, and Mr. H. R. Tedder, the librarian of the Athenæum Club, without whose aid the shortcomings of the list must have been far more numerous. A. D.

1766

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices.* Vol. I. Salisbury: Printed by B. Collins; for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, London, MDCCCLXVI. 12mo., Title and Advertisement, 2 leaves, pp. 214. The Advertisement is signed "Oliver Goldsmith."

Vol. II. . . . Title, pp. 223. Both volumes begin and terminate with blank leaves. Published March 27. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices*. The Second Edition. Vol. I. London : Printed for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, MDCCLXVI. 12mo., Title, Advertisement, and Contents 2 leaves, pp. 214.

———— Vol. II. Title, Contents 2 leaves, pp. 223. Published May 31. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices*. The Third Edition. Vol. I. London : Printed for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, MDCCLXVI. 12mo., Title, Advertisement, and Contents, 2 leaves, pp. 214.

———— Vol. II. Preliminaries 4 leaves, pp. 223. Published August 29. B. M.

1767

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices*. Vol. I. Dublin : Printed for W. and W. Smith, and others. MDCCLXVII. 12mo, pp. 182, a second title forms pp. 93, 94 : pagination continuous. B. M.

1770

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices*. The Fourth Edition. Vol. I. London : Printed for T. Carnan and F. Newbery, jun., at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCLXX. 12mo. Title and Advertisement, 2 leaves ; pp. 214.

———— Vol. II. Title and Contents, 3 leaves ; pp. 223.

1774

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices*. The Fifth Edition. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. London : Printed for T. Carnan and F. Newbery, jun., at Number 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCLXXIII. [1774.]* 12mo, pp. 222.

———— Vol. 2. pp. 228. B. M.

* Although the title-page of this fifth edition is dated 1773, it was apparently not issued until 1774. In the *Morning Chronicle and Public Advertiser* for April 1, in that year, it is advertised for publication "To-morrow," [*i.e.* April 2,] and in the paper for that date is a reference to the critical condition of the author, who had been ill since March 25. Three days later comes the record of his death on the 4th. Whether the book was actually brought

1776

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. The Second Edition.[?] Berlin : Sold by August Mylius, * Bookseller, and printed at Altenburgh by Richter. MDCLXXVI. With a frontispiece by Daniel Chodowiecki.

1777

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) In Two Volumes. Vol. I. London : Printed for C. Ware and others. MDCLXXVII. 12mo. Pp. 185.

———— Vol. II. . . . Pp. 178.

1779

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. The Sixth Edition. London : Printed for T. Carnan and F. Newbery, jun., at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCLXXIX. [Advertisement in *Public Advertiser*.]

1780

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. In Two Volumes. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London : Printed for Joseph Wenman, MDCLXXX. Sm. 12mo, pp. 107 and 101. With frontispiece to each volume after Dodd.

1781

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) In two volumes. Vol. I. London : Printed for J. Davies and others. MDCLXXXI. 12mo. Pp. 151.

———— Vol. II. . . . Pp. 147.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. In Two Volumes. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London : Printed for Harrison & Co. MDCLXXXI. 8vo, pp. 90, and 2 engravings by Walker, one from his own design and the other after Dodd : printed in 1 vol., pagination continuous. B. M.

out on April 2 does not appear, for there is no further announcement on the subject in the *Chronicle* until April 21, after which it frequently recurs under the ambiguous heading "This day is published."

* August Mylius also published in 1786, and with a frontispiece by Chodowiecki, the spurious "*Triumph of Benevolence ; or, the History of Francis Wills*. By the Author of the Vicar of Wakefield." (*Vide Forster's Life*, 1854, ii. 338-9.)

XXV

1787

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. (Motto.) The Eighth Edition. [Vignette of the author after Reynolds.] London: Printed for Thomas Carnan, at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, Samuel Bladon and John Bew, in Pater-noster-row. MDCCLXXXVII.

[From an inserted Title-page in the B. M.]

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. [Vignette.] With accents. Halle: Printed and sold by Friedrich Daniel Francke. MDCCLXXXVII. 8vo, pp. xii, 312 and frontispiece. B. M.

1790

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) A New Edition. London: 1790, 12mo. Two volumes in one. Title, Contents to both volumes and Advertisement, 2 leaves; pp. 117 and 108. With a frontispiece-portrait entitled "Vicar." L. L.

1792

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. Two Volumes in one. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London: Printed by Sammells and Ritchie, for E. Harding, and J. Good. MDCCXCII. 8vo, Title and Advertisement 2 leaves, pp. 214, and 6 plates, from Stothard's designs, engraved by Parker. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) The twenty-second Edition. Vol. I. London: W. Kemmish. MDCCXCII. 8vo, pp. 117, frontispiece and Title.

———— Vol. II. . . . pp. 108, frontispiece and Title. B. M.

1793

The Vicar of Wakefield, A Tale, in two volumes, By Dr. Goldsmith. Vol. I. (Motto.) London: Printed for C. Cooke, No. 17 Paternoster Row [1793]. 12mo, pp. 213, (Memoirs 3—23) and 3 plates [2 engraved by C. Warren and C. Hawkins from R. Corbould's designs; the other designed and engraved by Anker Smith].

Vol. 5 of Cooke's Edition of Select British Novels.

B. M.

1798

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. Two volumes in one. (Motto.) Embellished with wood-cuts, by T. Bewick. Hereford, 1798. 12mo, half-title, title-page, pp. 224, and seven woodcuts (3 on Titles), four of which are drawn and engraved by T. Bewick; the other three are engraved by Bewick, but designed by F. Eginton. The second title on pp. 115, 116. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) Vienna, 1798, pp. xii, 419. Engraved title and plates.

1800

The Vicar of Wakefield by Dr. Goldsmith. London. Printed by C. Whittingham, Dean Street, Fetter Lane, for T. Cadell and others. Pub. Sep. 1, 1800. 8vo, engraved title, advertisement and contents, pp. 235, and 5 plates designed by Corbould (2 engraved by Storer, 2 by Saunders, and 1 by Rothwell). S. K.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. London: 1800.

The Vicar of Wakefield; a tale by Oliver Goldsmith. Paris: A. A. Renouard, an. viii (1800). 12mo. With six plates (Westall's?), unsigned.

1806

The Vicar of Wakefield, 1806, woodcuts, 12mo.

1810

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1810. 32mo, pp. viii (including short sketch of author), 189, and frontispiece by T. Bewick. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) [1810.]

Vol. XXIII. of the British Novelists, pp. 169—380.

B. M.

1812

The Vicar of Wakefield. 1812. Woodcuts by Thurston.

The Vicar of Wakefield, with the Author's Life and Original Anecdotes, by J. Evans. 8vo, 1812. Plates and woodcuts by Craig and Clennell.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London: Printed [at Weybridge] for J. Walker, 1812. 12mo, engraved title and frontispiece [designed by Uwins, engraved by J. Collyer], pp. viii (including Memoir), 196.

Vol. 38 of Walker's British Classics. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale; by Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) Alnwick: Printed by W. Davison. 1812. 12mo, pp. 214, and frontispiece by T. Bewick. B. M.

1813

The Vicar of Wakefield, A Tale; By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) Stereotype Edition. Liverpool: Printed and published by Nuttall, Fisher, and Dixon [1813]. 8vo, pp. 136, and 3 plates designed by W. M. Craig, engraved by J. Neagle, J. Robinson, and A. M. Warren.

Part of the Mirror of Amusement. B. M.

1815

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Dr. Goldsmith. Whittingham's Edition. London: Printed for Whittingham and Arliss, 1815. 8vo, pp. viii, 248, and 37 woodcuts engraved by John Thompson. B. M.

Another edition. Chiswick, 1822. 16mo, pp. viii, 215, and 35 woodcuts drawn and engraved by Thompson.

1817

The Vicar of Wakefield; A Tale, By Doctor Goldsmith. Illustrated with twenty-four designs, by Thomas Rowlandson. (Motto.) London: Published by R. Ackermann, 1817. 8vo, pp. 8, 254. (Pp. 5—8 contain Memoirs of Goldsmith.)

Another edition published in 1823. B. M.

1818

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London. Printed for John Sharpe, Piccadilly, by C. Whittingham, Chiswick. MDCCCXVIII. 12mo, pp. 194 and contents, and 5 plates designed by Westall and engraved by Noble, Corbould, Romney, Finden and Warren; four plates are dated Oct. 1, 1819. B. M.

Another edition. London, Chiswick [printed], 1828. 16°; the plates are all engraved by Finden, and the engraved title dated 1829. B. M.

1823

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library; with Lives of the Authors, by Sir Walter Scott. 10 vols., imp. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1821-24. Vol. 5, 1823 (among others) *The Vicar of Wakefield* by Oliver Goldsmith. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.D. With Critical Remarks and a Memoir. London: 1823, 8vo., pp. viii, 68. Four woodcuts (by Sears) and a copper-plate portrait.

No. 2 in Limbird's British Novelist. B. M.

1832

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.D., with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Motto.) London: James Cochran & Co. 1832, 8vo, title and Memoir, pp. viii, 168, and 2 illustrations by Cruikshank, steel portrait after Reynolds.

Vol. 10 of Roscoe's Novelist's Library. B. M.

1838

Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. William Smith, 113 Fleet Street 1838. Standard Library Edition.

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith, with a pre-fatory memoir of the author and his writings. Edinburgh: Will. and R. Chambers, 1838. Large 8vo, Preface 4 pages, pp. 48. [People's Edition.]

Another edition. London and Edinburgh, 1859. 18mo, pp. xiii (including Memoir), 189, and frontispiece. B. M.

1841

A copy of an edition New York, 1841, 32mo, is in the Boston Athenæum.

An edition: London, 1841, 8vo, with 200 woodcuts by G. Dorrington, is mentioned by Lowndes.

1843

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With Thirty-two illustrations, by William Mulready, R.A. London: Van Voorst. [Printed by S. & J. Bentley, Wilson, & Fley.] MDCCCXLIII. Sq. cr. 8vo, pp. xv., 306. Mulready's designs are engraved on wood by John Thompson; the preface is dated Dec. 1842. B. M.

xxix

Another edition. Van Voorst, 1848.

” ” ” ” 1855.

” ” Roberts, Boston, U.S., 1883.

1844

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Illustrated with 200 wood engravings and a portrait of the Author ; with a prefatory Memoir by G. Moir Bussey, 1844. 8vo, pp. 280.

1848

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith. Printed in Phonography. London : F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row, 1848. 12mo.

Another edition. London [1876]. 16mo, pp. 160.

B. M.

1851

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated with thirty engravings, price 6 pence. London, John K. Chapman & Co., 5 Shoe Lane. 4to, pp. 44 and Memoir 2 leaves.

The Illustrated Literature of all Nations, No. 4.

B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield A Tale By Oliver Goldsmith accompanied by A Life of the Author. Edinburgh : A. and C. Black, MDCCCLI. 18mo, pp. xv, 235.

B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. London : H. G. Bohn, 1852. 8vo, pp. 63.

One of Bohn's Classic Tales.

B. M.

1853

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. London : Ingram, Cooke and Co., 1853. 8vo. Preliminaries ; 55 pp. With frontispiece and vignette in title (woodcuts) by John Gilbert.

No. 1 in vol. i. of the Universal Library.

B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. London : Palmer [1853], pp. 67, 8vo.

No. 1 in Palmer's Standard Novels.

1854

An edition. London : Nelson, 1854. 8vo.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. Printed by Whittingham for Grant & Griffith, St. Paul's Church Yard, 1854. Sq. fcp. 8vo, with 8 illustrations from drawings by John Absolon.

Another edition. London, 1855. 4to, pp. vi, 249. 3 designs are engraved by M. Jackson, 2 by W. N. Measom, 2 by W. T. Green, and 1 other. B. M.

Another edition. London, Griffith and Farran, 1860. 12mo.

The Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated with forty engravings. From Drawings by George Thomas, and numerous Ornamental Pieces by T. Macquoid. Cr. 8vo, 1854.

Another edition. London, 1857. Post 8vo, pp. 220.

Another edition (3rd). London: Sampson Low, 1861. Post 8vo.

Another edition. London: Sampson Low [1875]. 8vo, pp. viii, 140. The 40 woodcuts are engraved by Horace Harral.

One of the Choice Series.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With a memoir by the Rev. R. A. Willmot. Routledge, 1854. 12mo.

Another edition.	1859.	12mo, pp. 150.
" "	1864.	12mo, pp. 160.
" "	1867.	Post 8vo, pp. 136.
" "	1875.	12mo, pp. 168. Ruby Series.

1855

An edition. London: Ward and Lock, 1855. 12mo.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. A new edition, with illustrations by Gilbert, Kenny Meadows, and other artists. London: Knight and Son, 11 Clerkenwell Close [1855]. 16mo, pp. 232, and 15 plates and 20 tailpieces. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. London: T. Nelson & Sons, 1855. 32mo, pp. 252, Advertisement and Title. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. London: Ward and Lock, 1855. 8vo, pp. 201-361 [but apparently issued in a cheap 1s. series]. B. M.

1858

The Vicar of Wakefield ; A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith
M.B. Illustrated with numerous engravings. London :
Willoughby and Co., 26, Smithfield E.C. [1858.] 8vo,
pp. xii (including Memoir), 212, and 8 plates and 123 wood-
cuts. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Groom-
bridge, 1858. 32mo, pp. 220.

One of the Miniature Classical Library.

1860

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. London :
James Hogg & Sons. [1860]. 12mo, pp. viii, 272, and twelve
illustrations. B. M.

Another edition. 1868.

An edition : London, Lea. 1860. 12mo. B.M.

1863

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith.
New York, Dick and Fitzgerald, 1863,

1864

An edition. London : Murby. 1864. 18mo.

One of Laurie's Entertaining Library.

1865

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. New
York : Dodd. 24mo. 1865.

1869

An edition. Philadelphia : Lippincott & Co., 1869.
16mo.

1871

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. With Illus-
trations printed in Oil Colours (Kronheims). Warne, 1871.
Post 8vo, pp. 294.

Another edition. London : Warne, 1875. Sq. 16mo.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edin-
burgh : Nimmo, 1871. 12mo, pp. 204 ; includes a Life by
Thomas Finlayson, pp. 11-26, portrait engraved by W.
Howison and 4 woodcuts, full page. B. M.

1872

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Dr. Goldsmith. London: Groombridge and Sons [1872]. 8vo, pp. 188, title and Advertisement, and 6 coloured illustrations by A. F. Lydon.

B. M.

1873

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. New York: J. B. Ford and Co., 1873. Introduction of 3 pp., and four fullpage illustrations.

No. 3 in A Library of Famous Fiction, where it occupies pp. 447—538.

B. M.

1874

An edition. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1874. 12mo.

One of the Entertaining Library Series.

An edition. New York: Putnam, 1874. 12mo.

1875

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated with twelve fine steel engravings by Sangster. London. Barrett, 1875. 4to, pp. viii, 148.

S. K.

Another edition. London: Barrett, 1879. post 8vo, pp. 276, and twelve engravings.

1876

An edition. New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1876. Sq. 16mo.

One of the Riverside Classics.

The Vicar of Wakefield By Oliver Goldsmith With numerous Illustrations. London: Marcus Ward & Co. [Belfast printed] 1876. cr. 8vo, pp. viii, 264, coloured Title and Frontispiece, and 65 woodcuts.

B. M.

Another edition. London: Marcus Ward [1883]. Frontispiece and Title not coloured and life of two pp. added.

B. M.

One of a series called Marcus Ward's Educational Literature.

1877

An edition. Boston, U.S.: Osgood, 1877. 18mo.

One of the Little Classic Edition.

1878

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With Memoir of the Author. London: Frederick Warne and Co. [1878]. 8vo, pp. viii, 107 (including Memoir pp. 9—22.)

One of the Notable Novels Series.

xxxiii

1879

An edition. New York : Harper, 1879. 32mo.
One of the Half Hour Series.

1880

The Vicar of Wakefield A Tale By Oliver Goldsmith
With twelve illustrations in permanent photography from
pictures by eminent British Artists. London : Bickers & Son
Leicester Sq. 1880 [Ballantyne Press]. 8vo, pp. xii, 308. 3
photos from W. Mulready, 5 from Stothard, and 1 each from
E. M. Ward, T. Woodward, D. Maclise and G. S. Newton.
B. M.

Another edition. Bickers, 1883. Post 8vo, pp. 312.

1881

An illustrated edition. Philadelphia : Porter & Co., 1881.
12mo.

1882

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith. With
illustrations. Routledge and Sons [1882]. 8vo, pp. 153, and
2 illustrations. B. M.

1883

The Vicar of Wakefield. With illustrations. London :
W. Scott. post 8vo, pp. 360.

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith, with a
memoir of Goldsmith by Professor Masson. (From the Globe
edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works.) London :
Macmillan and Co., 1883. 8vo, pp. 139 (the first 56 pp.
contain the Memoir). B. M.

One of the Globe Readings from Standard Authors.

The Vicar of Wakefield By Oliver Goldsmith. With a
Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. (Motto.) London :
Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. MDCCCLXXXIII. 8vo, pp. xx,
308, and a frontispiece by Randolph Caldecott. (The notes
are comprised in pp. 269 to 308).

One of the Parchment Library. B. M.

Another edition. New York : Appleton, 1884.
One of English Classics Series.

1884

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edin-
burgh : Crawford & M'Cabe [1884]. Cr. 8vo, pp. iv, 190.
B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield adapted for use in Schools.
Edinburgh : Blackwood & Son, 1884. 12mo, pp. 160.

One of Blackwood's Educational Series.

The Vicar of Wakefield. 8vo, paper wrapper and portrait, in all pp. 78, double columns. This edition was issued in 1884 by the Bon Marché in Barnett Street, Liverpool, at the price of One Penny.

TRANSLATIONS.

Bohemian.

1842

Kazatel Wakefieldsky. Sepsaná od Oliviera Goldsmitha, preložená od Wáclawa Filjpka. W Praze, 1842. 8vo, pp. 287. B. M.

Danish.

1837

Præsten i Wakefield. En Fortøelling, skrevet i hans eget Navn, af O. Goldsmith. Fordansket af S. S. Blicher. Kjobenhavn. Bog- og Papirhandler C. Steens Forlag, 1837. 16mo, pp. 328. B. M.

One of the Gallerie for fremmede Classikere.

1882

Præsten fra Wakefield. En Fortøelling af Oliver Goldsmith. Kjobenhavn. Forlagt af Brodrene Salmonsens (J. Salmonsens), 1882. 8vo, Contents, pp. 313.

Dutch.

De Predikant von Wakefield, Amsterdam, 1845, 8vo.

De Predikant von Wakefield. Haarlem, Kruseman.

Finnish.

1859

Maapapin Wakefjeldisla Elämä. Turusa : 1859. 4to. Woodcuts, pp. 156. B. M.

French.

1767

An edition. Translation attributed to Mdme. de Monteson. Londres et Paris : Pissot, 1767, 12mo.

1796

Le Curé de Wakefield. Traduit de L'Anglais par M. J. B. Biset. (Motto.) A Londres : Chez l'Auteur. No. 9, East Street, Manchester Square ; T. Cadell and others. 1796. 12mo, pp. xi, 348. B. M.

Le Ministre de Wakefield, par Goldsmith, traduit de l'anglais (par Etienne Aignan). Nouvelle édition. Paris, chez Laran, au Palais Egalité, An. IV. 2 vols. sm. 12mo. With two vignettes, drawn and engraved by G. Texier.

[There are several subsequent editions.]

1797

An edition. Translation by P. L. Cl. Gin. Paris : 1797, 8vo.

1799

An edition. Translated by E. de Flinville. Paris : 1799, 2 vols, 18mo.

1802

Le Ministre de Wakefield, traduit de l'anglais, avec les poésies rendues en vers et quelques notes par Ymbert fils. Paris, an. XI. (1802). 2 vols. 12mo. With two plates by Huot, engraved by Adam.

1804

Le Curé de Wakefield ; Traduction nouvelle, par J. A. Voullaire. Dulau, etc. 2 vols. 12mo.

1816

Le Ministre de Wakefield, d'Oliver Goldsmith, en anglais et en françois ; traduction nouvelle, dédiée, avec permission, a sa Grace La Duchesse de Somerset, par Madame Despourrin. (Motto.) Tome I. Londres, De l'Imprimerie de R. Juigné, 17 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. 1816. 12mo, pp. viii, 333.

————— Tome II. . . . 12mo. Title, Advertisement, pp. 322 and leaf of errata to premier vol. [Parallel French and English text.] B. M.

Le Curé de Wakefield. Roman traduit de l'Anglois, par M. de Russy. 1^{ère} partie. New York : J. Desnoves, 1816 8vo, pp. 249.

1825

Le Ministre de Wakefield. Précédé d'un Essai sur la vie et les écrits d'Oliver Goldsmith. Par M. Hennequin. Paris. Brédif, 1825.

[Forster calls this translation "careful and good."]

1838

Le Vicaire de Wakefield (The Vicar of Wakefield), par Goldsmith, traduit en francais avec le texte Anglais en regard, par Charles Nodier, de l'Academie française ; précédé d'une notice par le même sur la vie, et les ouvrages de Goldsmith, et suivi de quelques notes. (Motto.) Paris, Bourgueleret, Editeur, 1838. 4to, pp. xxvii, 575. Contents 4 leaves. Ten steel engravings after Tony Johannot, a frontispiece and numerous woodcuts from designs of C. Marville, Janet Lange and C. Jacque. S. K.

[French translation alternate with English text.]

Another edition ——— Traduction nouvelle précédée d'une notice par Charles Nodier de l'Académie française. 10 vignettes dessinées par T. Johannot, gravées sur acier par Revel. Paris, Victor Lecou and Hetzel et Cie [1843]. 4to, pp. xxxi, 306. L.P., without woodcuts. B. M.
[There are numerous editions of this highly popular version.]

1853

A copy of an edition, *Le Vicaire de Wakefield*, New York, 1853, 12mo, is in the Brooklyn Library.

1862

Le Vicaire de Wakefield par Olivier Goldsmith Traduction nouvelle par Madame Louise Belloc précédée d'une notice par Sir Walter Scott. Paris. Charpentier, Libraire-éditeur 1862. 12mo, pp. xlvii, 312 (Notes 9 pp.). B. M.

[Lorenz says the 1st edition of this was issued in 1839.]

1866

An edition. Traduction nouvelle de N. Fournier, précédée d'une étude par Lord Macaulay, traduction de M. G. Guizot. Paris: Lévy frères. 1866, 12mo.

1867

Le Vicaire de Wakefield. Traduction Française par E. D. Forgues, avec le texte Anglais, une notice, des arguments analytiques et des notes (by Alex. Beljame). Paris, Hachette et Cie., 1867. 12mo, pp. 555. B. M.

[The notes to this edition are unusually good.]

1871

An edition (Translation) 1871, 2 vols, 32mo.
Vols. 150 and 151 of the Bibliothèque nationale.

German.

1767

Der Landpriester von Wakefield. Ein Märchen, das er selbst soll geschrieben haben. Aus dem Englischen. (Motto.) Leipzig, bey M. G. Weidmanns Erben und Reich. 1767. 8vo, Title, Vorbericht des Herausgebers, pp. 302. B. M.

1777

Der Dorfprediger von Wakefield. Eine Geschichte, die er selbst geschrieben haben soll. Von neuem verdeutscht [by J. J. C. Bode]. [Vignette by Chodowiecki on copper.] Frankfurt und Höchst, in der Gollnerischen Buchhandlung, 1777. 8vo, pp. xvi, 367. B. M.

Another edition 1816. Frontispiece by Chodowiecki, engraved by G. G. E ndner.

Another edition ——— Vierte Auflage. Leipzig, 1818, in der Weidmannischen Buchhandlung. 12mo, pp. xiv (includes preface by J. J. C. Bode), 380. B. M.

1833

Der Dorfpfarrer zu Wakefield, ein Roman. Published in three Languages with notes, by Dr. C. M. Winterling. Nuremberg, Printed for H. Haubenstricker. 1833. 12mo, pp. x, 459, separate Titles for German, English and French text. B. M.

1835

Der Landprediger von Wakefield. Leipsic, 1835. With illustrations reproduced from Westall.

1836

An edition. Translated by W. A. Lindau. Dresden and Leipsic, 1836, 8vo.

An edition. Translated by G. F. Kolb. Zweibrücken, 1836, 12mo.

1839

An edition. Translated by H. Döring. Erfurt, 1839, 16mo.

1841

Der Landprediger von Wakefield. Eine Erzählung von Oliver Goldsmith. Uebersetzt von Ernst Susemihl. Illustriert von Ludwig Richter. Leipzig, 1841. Georg Wigands Verlag. [paper cover has "Mit mehr als 60 holzschnitten"]. 8vo, pp. 272. Originally issued in 8 parts. Some of the woodcuts are engraved by E. Kretzschmar and some others by Nicholls. B. M.

Another edition ——— Illustriert von Ludwig Richter und J. G. Füllhaus. Vierte Auflage. Mit einer biographisch-kritischen und literar-historischen Einleitung von Dr. Otto Roquette. Leipzig, 1873. 4to.

[There are numerous other editions of this popular version.]

1851

Der Landprediger von Wakefield. Eine Erzählung von Oliver Goldsmith. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt durch Karl Eduard von der Oelsnitz. Dritte Auflage, Leipzig, 1851. 8vo, pp. xxxii (including Memoir), 232. B. M.

1870

Oliver Goldsmith's Landprediger von Wakefield. Deutsch von Karl Eitner. Hildburghausen: Verlag des Bibliographischen Instituts. 1870. 8vo, pp. 219.

Bibliothek ausländischer Klassiker, etc., 111.

An edition. New Translation. Leipzig, 1870, 16mo.

Greek.

1862

An edition [Translation]. 1862. 8vo, pp. 240, last page in error 340. B. M.

Hungarian..

1831

A' Vékfildi Pap. Egy Történet, Goldsmith után anglusból. Fordította P. Csörja Ferentz, most a' Sz. Udvarhelyi Év. Reformátum Nemes Kollegyomban, a' Philosophiának, Mathesisnek, Haza Historiának, Politikának, Statistikának közönséges rendes Tanítója. [Printed] Nagy Eryeden, Nyomtatott a' Ns. Ref. Kollégom' betűivel. Vizi István ügyelete alatt. 1831. 8vo, pp. viii, 283. B. M.

1855

A Wakefeldi Pap. Irta Goldsmith Olivér, angoltól fordította Ács Zsigmond. Kecskeméten, Gallia Fülöp, Konyvárus-es Kiadónál. 1855. 8vo, pp. 296. B. M.

Italian.

1856

Il vicario di Wakefield, trad. di G. Berchet. Firenze, 1856. 16mo.

A copy is in the Boston U.S. Public Library.

Roumanian.

1852

Vicarul de la Wakefield de Olivieri Goldsmith. Tradusă din limba Engleză de E. A[ngelesku]. (Motto.) Bucuresti, Imprimeria lui Ferdinand Om. 1852. 8vo, pp. 194.

B. M.

Russian.

1846

An edition [Translation]. With numerous illustrations [1846], 8vo, pp. xvi, 303.

Polish.

1825

Wikary Wekfildzki, powiesc z angielskiego wytłumaczona przez Hippolita Blotnickiego. Tomow II. Warszawa, nakł N. Glücksbrya druk Król Uniwers i Liceum Wolynskiego, 1825.

1853

Goldsmith. Wikary Wakefield'ski. Przekład W. Noakowskiego. Ilustracya Edwarda Frère. Warszawa. Nakładem S. H. Merzbacha księgarza. 1853. 4to, pp. 48 [with numerous woodcuts]. B. M.

One of a series "Skarbiec Arcydział Pismienicznych Europy."

Spanish.

1833

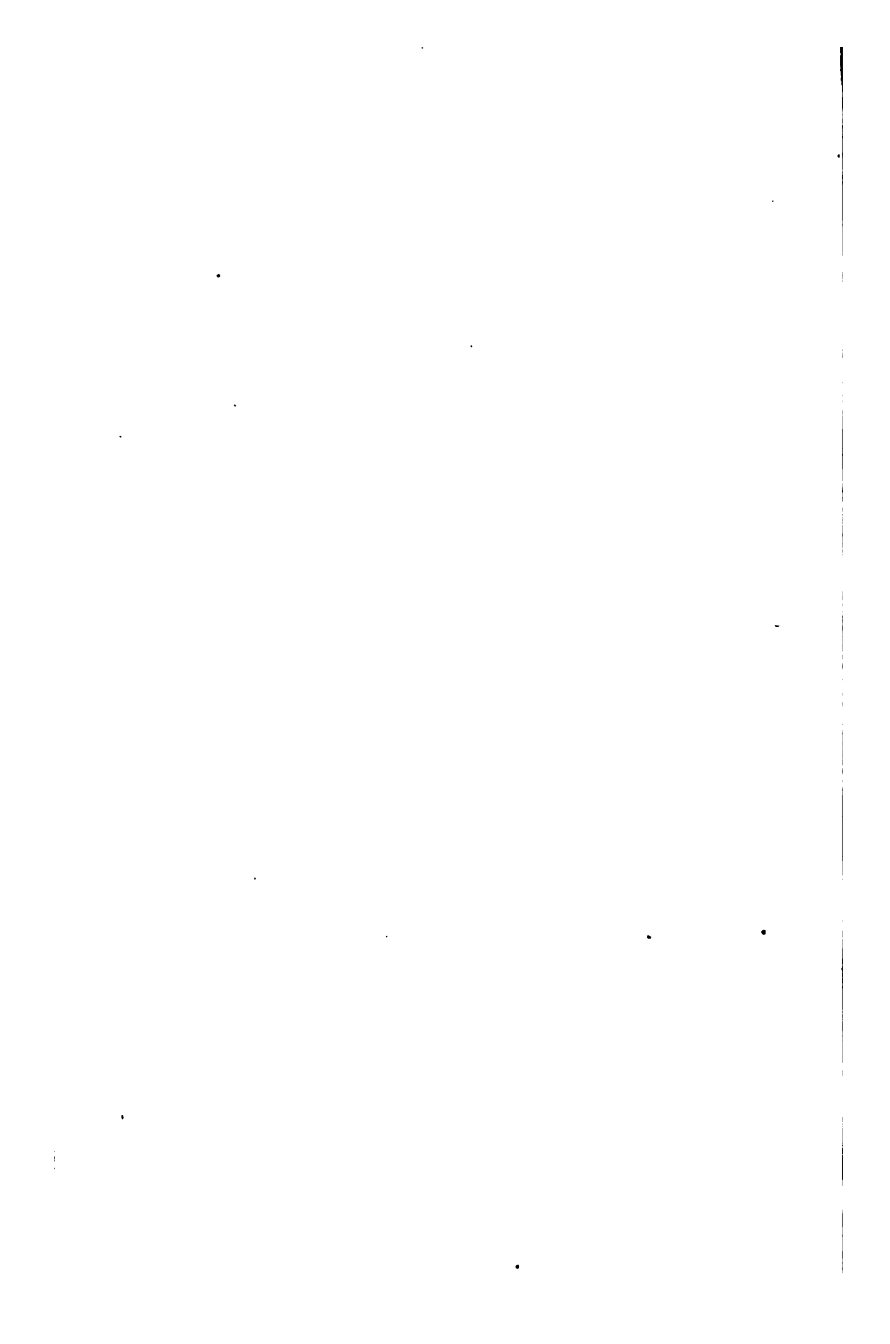
La Familia de Primrose. Novela moral, escrita en Inglés por el celebre O. Goldsmith con el titulo de The Vicar of Wakefield; y traducida al Castellano por D. A. B. y L. D. C. Barcelona, A. Bergnes y Comp., 1833. 16mo, vol. 1, pp. 245; vol. 2, pp. 221. B. M.

1855

El Vicario de Wakefield. Novela escrita en Inglés por Oliverio Goldsmith. Publicada bajo la direccion de D. A. F. de los Rios. Madrid [1855]. 4to, pp. 40.


Part of the Biblioteca Universal.

B. M.



C H A P. I.

The description of the family of Wakefield; in which a kindred likeness prevails as well of minds as of persons.

 WAS ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who at that time could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling, and for pickling, preserving, and cookery,

none could excel her. She prided herself much also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; yet I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness encreased with age. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements; in visiting our rich neighbours, or relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger come to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cou-
fins

fins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; for literally speaking, we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same *flesh and blood* with us, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good thro' life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, and others are smitten with the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house for the first time, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of

4 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its other favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The 'Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days we began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness,

ness, so they were at once well formed and healthy ; my sons hardy and active, my daughters dutiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II's progress through Germany, when other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel ; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had a daughter again, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name ; but a rich relation

6 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia ; so that we had two romantic names in the family ; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me ; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would usually say, " Well, " upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you " have the finest children in the whole " country."----" Ay, neighbour," she would answer, " they are as heaven made them, " handsome enough, if they be good " enough ; for handsome is that handsome " does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads ; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not
been

been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe ; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first ; but often did more certain execution ; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into

a prude, and a new set of ribbands given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of a miscellaneous education at home. But it would be needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

C H A P. II.

Family misfortunes. The loss of fortune only serves to encrease the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management, as to the spiritual I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I gave to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there

were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its utility and happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *Few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more
important

important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all, except my two daughters, to be completely pretty.

pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, that even age could not gaze with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to encrease their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it
being

being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together: I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on

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another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of monogamy. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, and allow the old gentleman to be a huf-

if he could, at least till my son's wedding
 was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish
 " the cause of truth, and let him be an hus-
 " band, already driven to the very verge of
 " absurdity. You might as well advise me
 " to give up my fortune as my argument."
 " That fortune," returned my friend, "I am
 " now sorry to inform you, is almost no-
 " thing. Your merchant in town, in
 " whose hands your money was lodged,
 " has gone off, to avoid a statute of bank-
 " ruptcy, and it is thought has not left a
 " shilling in the pound. I was unwilling
 " to shock you or the family with the
 " account till after the wedding: but now
 " it may serve to moderate your warmth in
 " the argument; for, I suppose, your own
 " prudence will enforce the necessity of dis-
 " sembling at least till your son has the
 " young lady's fortune secure."----"Well,"
 returned I, "if what you tell me be true,
 " and if I am to be a beggar, it shall ne-
 " ver make me a rascal, or induce me
 " to disavow my principles. I'll go this
 " moment and inform the company of
 " my circumstances; and as for the argu-
 ment

“ ment, I even here retract my former con-
“ cessions in the old gentleman’s favour,
“ nor will I allow him now to be an huf-
“ band either de jure, de facto, or in any
“ sense of the expression.”

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of my misfortunes; but what others felt was slight to what the young lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only virtue that is left us unimpaired at seventy-two.

“ give up those splendours with which
 “ numbers are wretched, and seek in hum-
 “ bler circumstances that peace with which
 “ all may be happy. The poor live plea-
 “ santly without our help, and we are not
 “ so imperfectly formed as to be incapable
 “ of living without theirs. No, my chil-
 “ dren, let us from this moment give up
 “ all pretensions to gentility ; we have
 “ still enough left for happiness if we are
 “ wise, and let us draw upon content for
 “ the deficiencies of fortune.”

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added

added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, *I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy, whatever be thy fortune let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possesst of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether he rose or fell.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards.

wards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquility, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to encrease it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would encrease the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than the pleasures it afforded, being particularly remarkable

markable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph, nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing

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ing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in cloaths that once were laced. His person was well formed, though his face was marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, Sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me that there is still some benevolence left among us. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to remit it as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning

tioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire

hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed perfectly to understand. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir Willam Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with a little himself,, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard

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"Sir

“ Sir William Thornhill represented as
 “ one of the most generous, yet whim-
 “ fical, men in the kingdom ; a man
 “ of consummate benevolence”——

“ Something perhaps, too much so,” re-
 plied Mr. Burchell, “ at least he carried be-
 “ nevolence to an excess when young ;
 “ for his passions were then strong,
 “ and as they all were upon the side of vir-
 “ tue, they led it up to a romantic ex-
 “ treme. He early began to aim at the
 “ qualifications of the foldier and scho-
 “ lar ; was soon distinguished in the army,
 “ and had some reputation among men of
 “ learning. Adulation ever follows the
 “ ambitious ; for such alone receive most
 “ pleasure from flattery. He was sur-
 “ rounded with crowds, who shewed him
 “ only one side of their character ; so that
 “ he began to lose a regard for private
 “ interest in universal sympathy. He
 “ loved all mankind ; for fortune prevented
 “ him from knowing that there were rascals.
 “ Physicians tell us of a disorder in which
 “ the

“ the whole body is so exquisitely sensible,
 “ that the slightest touch gives pain: what
 “ some have thus suffered in their per-
 “ sons, this gentleman felt in his mind.
 “ The slightest distress, whether real or fic-
 “ titious, touched him to the quick, and
 “ his soul laboured under a sickly sensibi-
 “ lity of the miseries of others. Thus dis-
 “ posed to relieve, it will be easily conjec-
 “ tured, he found numbers disposed to so-
 “ licit: his profusions began to impair his
 “ fortune, but not his good-nature; that,
 “ indeed, was seen to encrease as the other
 “ seemed to decay: he grew improvident
 “ as he grew poor; and though he talked
 “ like a man of sense, his actions were those
 “ of a fool. Still, however, being sur-
 “ rounded with importunity, and no lon-
 “ ger able to satisfy every request that was
 “ made him, instead of *money* he gave *pro-*
 “ *mises*. They were all he had to bestow,
 “ and he had not resolution enough to give
 “ any man pain by a denial. By this
 “ means he drew round him crowds of de-

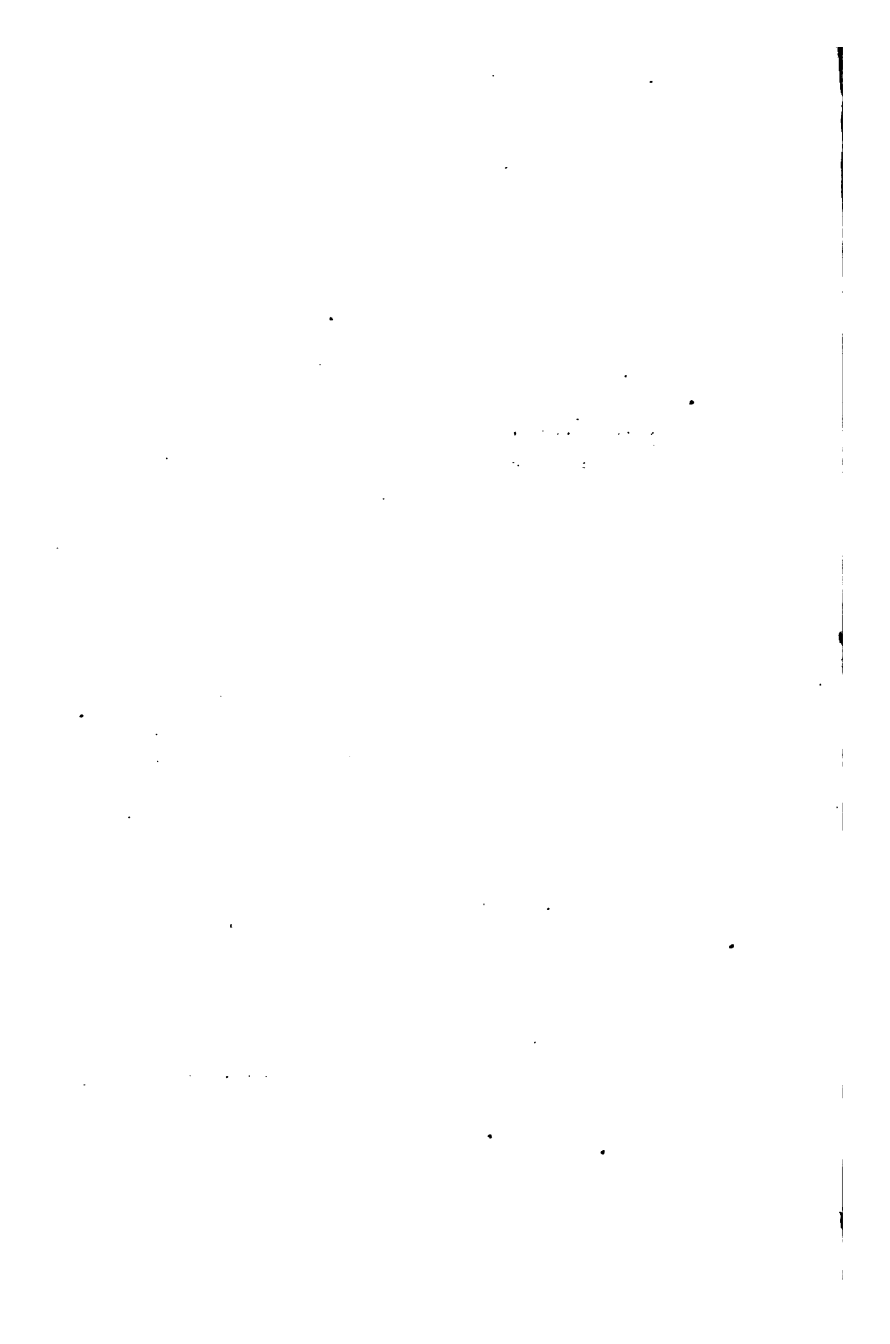
“ pendants, whom he was sure to disap-
 “ point; yet wished to relieve. These hung
 “ upon him for a time, and left him with
 “ merited reproaches and contempt. But
 “ in proportion as he became contemptible
 “ to others, he became despicable to him-
 “ self. His mind had leaned upon their
 “ adulation, and that support taken away,
 “ he could find no pleasure in the ap-
 “ plause of his heart, which he had never
 “ learnt to reverence itself. The world now
 “ began to wear a different aspect; the flat-
 “ tery of his friends began to dwindle into
 “ simple approbation, that soon took the
 “ more friendly form of advice, and ad-
 “ vice when rejected ever begets reproaches.
 “ He now found that such friends as bene-
 “ fits had gathered round him, were by no
 “ means the most estimable: it was now
 “ found that a man’s own heart must be
 “ ever given to gain that of another.
 “ I now found, that—but I forget
 “ what I was going to observe: in
 “ short, sir, he resolved to respect him-
 “ self,

“ self, and laid down a plan of restoring
“ his shattered fortune. For this pur-
“ pose, in his own whimsical man-
“ ner he travelled through Europe on
“ foot, and before he attained the age of
“ thirty, his circumstances were more afflu-
“ ent than ever. At present, therefore,
“ his bounties are more rational and mo-
“ derate than before; but still he preserves
“ the character of an humourist, and
“ finds most pleasure in eccentric
“ virtues.”

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family, when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to

permit my attempting her rescue: she would have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were all refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as he was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey. My wife observing as we went, that she liked Mr. Burchell extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew

no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this strain: one almost at the verge of beggary thus to assume language of the most insulting affluence, might excite the ridicule of ill-nature; but I was never much displeased with those innocent delusions that tend to make us more happy.



C H A P. IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness and delight, which depend not on circumstance, but constitution.

THE place of our new retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained a primæval simplicity of manners, and frugal by long habit, scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour ; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the

Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, drest in their finest cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor: also a feast was provided for our reception, at which we sat chearfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, we made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pound for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures: the elms and hedge rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness;

ness ; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not seem to want rich furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of my children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner : by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment ; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship,
we

we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without other guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several
ways

ways of being good company, while one played the pipes, another would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well so ever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson padeufoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my
girls

girls the preceding night to be drest early the next day ; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions ; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour : their hair plaistered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command ; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.—“ Surely, my “ dear, you jest,” cried my wife, “ we can “ walk it perfectly well : we want no “ coach to carry us now.” “ You mistake, child,” returned I, “ we do want “ a coach ; for if we walk to church in “ this trim, the very children in the parish “ will

“ will hoot after us for a show.”——“ Indeed,” replied my wife, “ I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.”——“ You may be as neat as you please,” interrupted I, “ and I shall love you the better for it ; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbours. No, my children,” continued I, more gravely, “ those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut ; for finery very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I don’t know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be cloathed from the trimmings of the vain.”

This remonstrance had the proper effect ; they went with great composure,
that

that very instant, to change their drefs ;
and the next day I had the fatisfaction of
finding my daughters, at their own request
employed in cutting up their trains into
Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the
two little ones, and what was ftill more fa-
tisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by
being thus curtailed.

CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. *What we place most hopes upon, generally proves most fatal.*

AT a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, over-shaded by an hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually all sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls
fung

fung to the guitar ; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner* we began to find that every situation in life might bring its own peculiar pleasures : every morning waked us to a repetition of toil ; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting, it seemed preſt by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's diſtreſs, when

when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprize, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, past us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopt short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female

male part of the family, and such was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a chearful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy,

happy,

happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at; for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished at his simplicity: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate

nate hit; for that she had known even stranger things at last brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why one got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery. and another fate down with a blank. "But those," added I, "who either aim at husbands greater than themselves, or at the ten thousand pound prize, have been fools for their ridiculous claims, whether successful or not." "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in Spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"—"Immensely so, indeed, Mamma," replied she. "I think he has a great deal to say upon every thing

“ thing, and is never at a loss; and the
 “ more trifling the subject, the more he
 “ has to say; and what is more, I protest
 “ he is very handsome.”——“Yes,” cried
 Olivia, “ he is well enough for a man;
 “ but for my part, I don’t much like him,
 “ he is so extremely impudent and fami-
 “ liar; but on the guitar he is shocking.”
 These two last speeches I interpreted by
 contraries. I found by this, that Sophia
 internally despised, as much as Olivia se-
 cretly admired him.——“Whatever may
 “ be your opinions of him, my children,”
 cried I, “ to confess a truth, he has not
 “ prepossessed me in his favour. Dispropor-
 “ tioned friendships ever terminate in dis-
 “ gust; and I thought, notwithstanding all
 “ his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible
 “ of the distance between us. Let us
 “ keep to companions of our own rank.
 “ There is no character among men more
 “ contemptible than that of a fortune-
 “ hunter, and I can see no reason why
 “ fortune-hunting women should not be
 “ contemptible too. Thus, at best, it will
 “ be

“ be contempt if his views are honourable; but if they are otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that; for though I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, I think there are some from his character.”——I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the 'Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.

C H A P. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

AS we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally concluded upon, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. “I am sorry,” cried I, “that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.”—“Bless me,” cried my wife, “here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.”——“Confute me in argument, child!” cried I. “You mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute
D “ your

“ your abilities at making a goose-pye, and
“ I beg you'll leave argument to me.”——
As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the
house, and was welcomed by the family,
who shook him heartily by the hand, while
little Dick officiously reached him a
chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor Gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet above thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went without something in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came into our neighbourhood once a
year,

year, and lived upon the neighbours hospitality. He fate down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Griffel. The adventures of Catskin next entertained them, and then Fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him; "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."—"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow creature. The

“greatest stranger in this world, was he
 “that came to save it. He never had an
 “house, as if willing to see what hospitali-
 “ty was left remaining amongst us.
 “Deborah, my dear,” cried I, to my wife,
 “give those boys a lump of sugar each,
 “and let Dick’s be the largest, because he
 “spoke first.”

In the morning early I called out my whole
 family to help at saving an after-growth of
 hay, and our guest offering his assistance,
 he was accepted among the number. Our
 labours went on lightly, we turned the
 swath to the wind, I went foremost, and
 the rest followed in due succession. I could
 not avoid, however, observing the assidu-
 ity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daugh-
 ter Sophia in her part of the task. When
 he had finished his own, he would join in
 her’s, and enter into a close conversation:
 but I had too good an opinion of Sophia’s
 understanding, and was too well convinced
 of her ambition, to be under any uneasi-
 ness from a man of broken fortune.

When

When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature, where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command! Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted, perhaps, by some secret reasons,

I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reprov-
 ed. "Whatsoever his former conduct may
 " be, pappa, his circumstances should ex-
 " empt him from censure now. His pre-
 " sent indigence is a sufficient punishment
 " for former folly; and I have heard my
 " pappa himself say, that we should never
 " strike our unnecessary blow at a victim
 " over whom providence already holds the
 " scourge of its resentment."———" You
 " are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses,
 " and one of the ancients finely represents
 " so malicious a conduct, by the attempts
 " of a rustic to flay Marfyas, whose skin,
 " the fable tells us, had been wholly stript
 " off by another. Besides, I don't know
 " if this poor man's situation be so bad as
 " my father would represent it. We are
 " not to judge of the feelings of others by
 " what we might feel if in their place.
 " However dark the habitation of the mole
 " to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds
 " the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And
 " to

“ to confess a truth, this man’s mind seems
 “ fitted to his station ; for I never heard
 “ any one more sprightly than he was to-
 “ day, when he conversed with you.”——

This was said without the least design, how-
 ever it excited a blush, which she strove
 to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him,
 that she scarce took any notice of what he
 said to her ; but that she believed he might
 once have been a very fine gentleman.
 The readiness with which she undertook
 to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were
 symptoms I did not internally approve ; but
 I repress my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next
 day, my wife went to make the venison pas-
 ty : Moses sat reading, while I taught the
 little ones : my daughters seemed equally
 busy with the rest ; and I observed them for a
 good while cooking something over the fire.
 I at first supposed they were assisting their mo-
 ther ; but little Dick informed me in a whis-
 per, that they were making a *wash* for the face.

Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to ; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

C H A P. VII.

A town wit described. The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next ale-house: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, the family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day be-

fore, that he was making some propofals of marriage to Mifs Wilmot, my fon George's former miftrefs, this a good deal damped the heartinefs of his reception: but accident, in fome meafure, relieved our embarrafment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill obferved with an oath, that he never knew any thing more abfurd than calling fuch a fright a beauty: "For ftrike me
 "ugly," continued he, "if I fhould not find
 "as much pleafure in choofing my miftrefs
 "by the information of a lamp under the
 "clock at St. Dunftan's." At this he laughed, and fo did we:—the jefts of the rich are ever fuccefsful. Olivia too could not avoid whifpering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my ufual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he faid the church was the only miftrefs of his affections.—
 "Come tell us honeftly, Frank," faid the
 'Squire,

'Squire, with his usual archness, "suppose
 " the church, your present mistress, dressed
 " in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and
 " Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her,
 " on the other, which would you be for?"
 " For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain.—" Right Frank," cried the 'Squire;
 " for may this glass suffocate me but a fine
 " girl is worth all the priestcraft in the nation.
 " For what are tythes and tricks but
 " an imposition, all a confounded imposture,
 " and I can prove it."——" I wish
 " you would," cried my son Moses, " and
 " I think," continued he, " that I should be
 " able to combat in the opposition."——
 " Very well, Sir," cried the 'Squire, who
 immediately smacked him, and winking on
 the rest of the company, to prepare us for
 the sport, " if you are for a cool argument
 " upon that subject, I am ready to accept
 " the challenge. And first, whether are
 " you for managing it analogically, or di-
 " alogically?" " I am for managing it
 " rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at
 being permitted to dispute. " Good
 " again,"

“ again,” cried the ‘Squire, “ and firstly, of
 “ the first. I hope you’ll not deny that
 “ whatever is is. If you don’t grant me
 “ that, I can go no further.”——“Why,”
 returned Moses, “ I think I may grant
 “ that, and make the best of it.”——
 “ I hope too,” returned the other, “ you’ll
 “ grant that a part is less than the whole.”
 “ I grant that too,” cried Moses, “ it is but
 “ just and reasonable.”——“ I hope,” cried
 the ‘Squire, you will not deny, “ that the
 “ two angles of a triangle are equal to two
 “ right ones.”——“ Nothing can be plainer,”
 returned t’other, and looked round with his
 usual importance.——“ Very well,” cri-
 ed the ‘Squire, speaking very quick, “ the
 “ premises being thus settled, I proceed to
 “ observe, that the concatenation of self
 “ existences, proceeding in a reciprocal
 “ duplicate ratio, naturally produce a pro-
 “ blematical dialogism, which in some
 “ measure proves that the essence of spiri-
 “ tuality may be referred to the second
 “ predicable”——“ Hold, hold,” cried the
 other, “ I deny that: Do you think I can
 “ thus

“ thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines ?”——“ What,” replied the 'Squire, as if in a passion, “ not submit !
 “ Answer me one plain question : Do you
 “ think Aristotle right when he says, that
 “ relatives are related ?” “ Undoubtedly,”
 replied the other.——“ If so then,” cried
 the 'Squire, “ answer me directly to what I
 “ propose : Whether do you judge the
 “ analytical investigation of the first part
 “ of my enthymem deficient secundum
 “ quoad, or quoad minus, and give me your
 “ reasons too : give me your reasons, I say,
 “ directly.”——“ I protest,” cried Moses,
 “ I don't rightly comprehend the force of
 “ your reasoning ; but if it be reduced to
 “ one simple proposition, I fancy it may
 “ then have an answer,”——“ O, sir,” cried
 the 'Squire, “ I am your most humble ser-
 “ vant, I find you want me to furnish you
 “ with argument and intellects both. No,
 “ sir, there I protest you are too hard for
 “ me.” This effectually raised the laugh
 against poor Moses, who fate the only dif-
 mal

mal figure in a groupe of merry faces: nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook this humour, which was a mere act of the memory, for real wit. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine cloaths, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising then that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it when found in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and
con-

conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own, that it " was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?" "Ay, who knows that indeed," answered I, with a groan: "for my part I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine.

" Sure,

“ Sure, father,” cried Moses, “ you are
 “ too severe in this ; for heaven will never
 “ arraign him for what he thinks, but for
 “ what he does. Every man has a thou-
 “ sand vicious thoughts, which arise with-
 “ out his power to suppress. Thinking
 “ freely of religion, may be, involuntary
 “ with this gentleman: so that allowing
 “ his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is
 “ purely passive in their reception, he is
 “ no more to be blamed for their incur-
 “ sions than the governor of a city without
 “ walls for the shelter he is obliged to af-
 “ ford an invading enemy.”

“ True, my son,” cried I ; “ but if the
 “ governor invites the enemy, there he is
 “ justly culpable. And such is always the
 “ case with those who embrace error. The
 “ vice does not lie in assenting to the
 “ proofs they see ; but in being blind to
 “ many of the proofs that offer. Like
 “ corrupt judges on a bench, they deter-
 “ mine right on that part of the evidence
 “ they hear ; but they will not hear all the
 “ evi-

“ evidence. Thus, my son, though our
“ erroneous opinions be involuntary when
“ formed, yet as we have been wilfully
“ corrupt, or very negligent in forming
“ them, we deserve punishment for our
“ vice, or contempt for our folly.”

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument: she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: “ And who
“ knows, my dear,” continued she, “ what
“ Olivia may be able to do. The girl has
“ a great deal to say upon every subject,
“ and to my knowledge is very well skilled
“ in controversy.”

“ Why, my dear, what controversy can
“ she have read?” cried I. “ It does not
“ occur to my memory that I ever put
“ such books into her hands: you certainly
“ over-rate her merit.” “ Indeed, pappa,”
replied

replied Olivia, “ she does not : I have read
“ a great deal of controverfy. I have read
“ the disputes between Thwackum and
“ Square ; the controverfy between Robin-
“ son Crufoe and Friday the savage, and I
“ am now employed in reading the contro-
“ verfy in Religious courtship.”——“ Very
“ well,” cried I, “ that’s a good girl, I find
“ you are perfectly qualified for making
“ converts, and so go help your mother to
“ make the gooseberry-pye.”

C H A P. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner,
call

call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell seemed to give cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. "I never sit thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms under a barley mow. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture."—"In my opinion," cried my son, "the finest strokes

“ strokes in that description are much
 “ below those in the *Acis and Galatea* of
 “ Ovid. The Roman poet understands the
 “ use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure
 “ artfully managed all strength in the pathe-
 “ tic depends.”—“ It is remarkable,” cried
 Mr. Burchell, “ that both the poets you
 “ mention have equally contributed to in-
 “ troduce a false taste into their respective
 “ countries, by loading all their lines with
 “ epithet. Men of little genius found
 “ them most easily imitated in their defects,
 “ and English poetry, like that in the latter
 ‘ empire of Rome, is nothing at present but
 ‘ a combination of luxuriant images, with-
 ‘ out plot or connexion ; a string of epithets
 “ that improve the sound, without carrying
 “ on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while
 “ I thus reprehend others, you’ll think it
 “ just that I should give them an opportu-
 “ nity to retaliate, and indeed I have made
 “ this remark only to have an opportunity
 “ of introducing to the company a
 “ ballad, which, whatever be its other
 “ defects,

“ defects, is I think at least free from those
 “ I have mentioned.”

A B A L L A D.

“ **T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 “ And guide my lonely way,
 “ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 “ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 “ With fainting steps and slow;
 “ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 “ Seem lengthening as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
 “ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 “ For yonder phantom only flies
 “ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want,
 “ My door is open still;
 “ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
 “ I give it with good will.

Then

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
“ To slaughter I condemn :
“ Taught by that power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them.

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
“ A guiltless feast I bring ;
“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
“ For earth-born cares are wrong :
“ Man wants but little here below,
“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

“ Within

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure
 The modest mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The door just opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when worldly crowds retire
 To revels or to rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest, and smil'd ;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries ,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For griet was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd :
“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cry'd,
“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,
“ Reluctant dost thou rove ;
“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
“ Are trifling and decay ;
“ And those who prize the paltry things,
“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
“ A charm that lulls to sleep ;
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
“ But leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier found,

“ The haughty fair one’s jest :

“ On earth unseen, or only found

“ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame fond youth thy sorrows hush,

“ And spurn the sex,” he said :

But while he spoke a rising blush

The bashful guest betray’d.

He sees unnumber’d beauties rise,

Expanding to the view ;

Like clouds that deck the morning skies,

As bright, as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,

Alternate spread alarms :

The lovely stranger stands confest

A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,

“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d ;

“ Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude

“ Where heaven and you reside.

“ But

- “ But let a maid thy pity share,
“ Whom love has taught to stray ;
“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
“ Companion of her way.
- “ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
“ A wealthy Lord was he ;
“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
“ He had but only me.
- “ To win me from his tender arms,
“ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
“ And felt or feign’d a flame.
- “ Each morn the gay phantastic crowd,
“ With richest proffers strove :
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“ But never talk’d of love.
- “ In humble simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth nor power had he ;
“ A constant heart was all he had,
“ But that was all to me.

76 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

- “ The blossom opening to the day,
“ The dews of heaven refin’d,
“ Could nought of purity display,
“ To emulate his mind.
- “ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine ;
“ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
“ Their constancy was mine.
- “ For still I try’d each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain ;
“ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
“ I triumph’d in his pain.
- “ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride ;
“ And fought a solitude forlorn,
“ In secret where he died.
- “ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
“ And well my life shall pay ;
“ I’ll seek the solitude he fought,
“ And stretch me where he lay.

And

- “ And there forlorn despairing hid,
“ I’ll lay me down and die :
“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
“ And so for him will I.”
- “ Thou shalt not thus,” the hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn’d to chide,
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.
- “ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
“ My charmer, turn to see,
“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
“ Restor’d to love and thee.
- “ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
“ And ev’ry care resign :
“ And shall we never, never part,
“ O thou—my all that’s mine.
- “ No, never, from this hour to part,
“ We’ll live and love so true ;
“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the 'Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters ; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper, observing, that Sophy had
made

made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the 'Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass-plot before our door.

"Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with miss Sophy's hand as a partner." To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour: "But here," continued she, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, "who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements."

Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited

to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a middle aged man of broken fortune to a sprightly young fellow of twenty-two. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments upon us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAP. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced.
Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us that the 'Squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly drest, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap.

This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies also to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But there was an unlucky circumstance which was not adverted to; though the Miss Flambo-roughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round-about to perfection; yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us: however, after a little shoving and dragging, they began to go merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright. Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the
spec-

spectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo*, she was all of a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought
with

with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade ; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company ; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespear, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath ; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction, (tho' I am since informed swearing is now perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy ; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both ; adding,
that

that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess.—“And what pleasures,” cried Mr. Thornhill, “do they not deserve, who have so much in their power to bestow?” “As for my part,” continued he, “my fortune is pretty large, love, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims; but curse me if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers; and the only favour I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit.” I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. “Sir,” cried I, “the family which you now con-
“ descend

“ descend to favour with your company,
 “ has been bred with as nice a sense of
 “ honour as you. Any attempts to injure
 “ that, may be attended with very dange-
 “ rous consequences. Honour, Sir, is our
 “ only possession at present, and of that
 “ last treasure we must be particularly
 “ careful.”——I was soon sorry for the
 warmth with which I had spoken this, when
 the young gentleman, grasping my hand,
 swore he commended my spirit, though
 he disapproved my suspicions. “ As to
 “ your present hint,” continued he, I protest
 “ nothing was farther from my heart than
 “ such a thought. No, by all that’s tempt-
 “ ing, the virtue that will stand a regular
 “ siege was never to my taste; for all
 “ my amours are carried by a coup de
 “ main.”

The two ladies, who affected to be ig-
 norant of the rest, seemed highly displeased
 with this last stroke of freedom, and be-
 gan a very discreet and serious dialogue
 upon

upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the 'Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was well pleased that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by such good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal, and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part from my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The 'Squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties: the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I
made

made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed ; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal ; for which we had nothing but fullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAP. X.

The family endeavours to cope with their betters. The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I Now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows now again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and convinced me that
the

the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flambo-roughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespear, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsie come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling ; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict
injunctions

injunctions never to change it. After they had been closetted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great.—“ Well, my “ girls, how have you sped? Tell me, “ Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a “ pennyworth ?”——“ I protest, pappa,” says the girl, with a serious face, “ I believe she deals with some body that’s not “ right ; for she positively declared, that “ I am to be married to a great ’Squire in “ less than a twelvemonth ?”——“ Well “ now, Sophy, my child,” said I, “ and “ what sort of a husband are you to have?” “ Sir,” replied she, “ I am to have a Lord “ soon after my sister has been married to “ the ’Squire.”——How,” cried I, “ is that “ all you are to have for your two shillings! Only a Lord and a ’Squire for “ two shillings! You fools, I could have “ promised you a Prince and a Nabob for “ half the money.”

This

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars for something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the 'Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross
bones,

bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being one day stuffed with gold. The girls had their omens too: they felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked at the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the

“ siege.

siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus.—“I fancy, Charles, my dear, “ we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.”—“ Perhaps “ we may, my dear,” returned I ; though “ you need be under no uneasiness about “ that, you shall have a sermon whether there “ be or not.”——“ That is what I expect,” returned she ; “but I think, my dear, we “ ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?” “ Your precautions,” replied I, “ are highly commendable. A decent behaviour “ and appearance in church is what charms “ me. We should be devout and humble, “ cheerful and serene.”——“ Yes,” cried she “ I know that ; but I mean we should go “ there in as proper a manner as possible ; “ not altogether like the scrubs about us.” “ You are quite right, my dear,” returned I, “ and I was going to make the very “ same proposal. The proper manner of “ going is, to go there as early as possible, “ to have time for meditation before the
“ service

“ service begins.”——“ Phoo, Charles,” interrupted she, “ all that is very true ; but
 “ not what I would be at. I mean, we
 “ should go there genteelly. You know
 “ the church is two miles off, and I protest
 “ I don’t like to see my daughters trudging
 “ up to their pew all blowzed and red with
 “ walking, and looking for all the world
 “ as if they had been winners at a smock
 “ race. Now, my dear, my proposal is
 “ this: there are our two plow horses, the
 “ Colt that has been in our family these
 “ nine years, and his companion Black-
 “ berry, that have scarce done an earthly
 “ thing for this month past, and are both
 “ grown fat and lazy. Why should not
 “ they do something as well as we? And
 “ let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed
 “ them a little, they will not be so con-
 “ temptible.”

To this proposal I objected, that walk-
 ing would be twenty times more genteel
 than such a paltry conveyance, as Black-
 berry was wall-eyed, and the Colt wanted a
 tail.

tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were over-ruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of much time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was encreased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, tho' the foot-way was but two, and when got about half way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two
little

little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it might give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.



C H A P. XI.

The family still resolve to hold up their heads.

MICHAELMAS eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was thought excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at

them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all, except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. At it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who
is

is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes!. Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know

what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were "thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is
fond

fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

“ All that I know of the matter,” cried Miss Skeggs, “ is this, that it may be true, “ or it may not be true : but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout “ was in amaze ; his Lordship turned all “ manner of colours, my Lady fell into a “ swoon ; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his “ sword, swore he was her’s to the last drop “ of his blood.”

“ Well,” replied our Peerefs, “ this I “ can say, that the Dutcheſs never told me “ a ſyllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a ſecret from me. But this you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.”

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

“ Besides, my dear Skeggs,” continued
 “ our Peerefs, there is nothing of this in
 “ the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made
 “ upon the occasion.”

“ I am surprised at that,” cried Miss
 Skeggs ;” for he seldom leaves any thing
 “ out, as he writes only for his own amuse-
 “ ment. But can your Ladyship favour me
 “ with a sight of them?”

“ My dear creature,” replied our Peerefs,
 “ do you think I carry such things about
 “ me? Though they are very fine to be
 “ sure, and I think myself something of a
 “ judge ; at least I know what pleases my-
 self.

“ self. Indeed I was ever an admirer of
“ all Doctor Burdock’s little pieces; for
“ except what he does, and our dear Coun-
“ tefs at Hanover-Square, there’s nothing
“ comes out but the most loweft stuff in
“ nature; not a bit of high life among
“ them.”

“ Your Ladyship fhould except,” fays
t’other, “ your own things in the Lady’s
“ Magazine. I hope you’ll fay there’s no-
“ thing low lived there? But I fuppofe
“ we are to have no more from that quar-
“ ter?”

“ Why, my dear,” fays the Lady, “ you
“ know my reader and companion has left
“ me, to be married to Captain Roach,
“ and as my poor eyes won’t fuffer me to
“ write myfelf, I have been for fome time
“ looking out for another. A proper per-
“ fon is no eafy matter to find, and to be
“ fure thirty pounds a year is a fmall fti-
“ pend for a well-bred girl of character,

“ that can read, write, and behave
 “ in company; as for the chits about
 “ town, there is no bearing them about
 “ one.”

“ That I know,” cried Miss Skeggs,
 “ by experience. For of the three com-
 “ panions I had this last half year,
 “ one of them refused to do plain-work
 “ an hour in the day, another thought
 “ twenty-five guineas a year too small a fa-
 “ lary, and I was obliged to send away the
 “ third, because I suspected an intrigue
 “ with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear La-
 “ dy Blarney, virtue is worth any price;
 “ but where is that to be found?”

My wife had been for a long time all
 attention to this discourse; but was particu-
 larly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty
 pounds and twenty-five guineas a year
 made fifty-six pounds five shillings English
 money, all which was in a manner going
 a-begging, and might easily be secured in
 the

the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation ; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. " I hope," cried she, " your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours ; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least the country can't shew better. They can read, write, and cast accompts ; they understand their needle, breadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work ; they can pink, point, and frill ;

" and

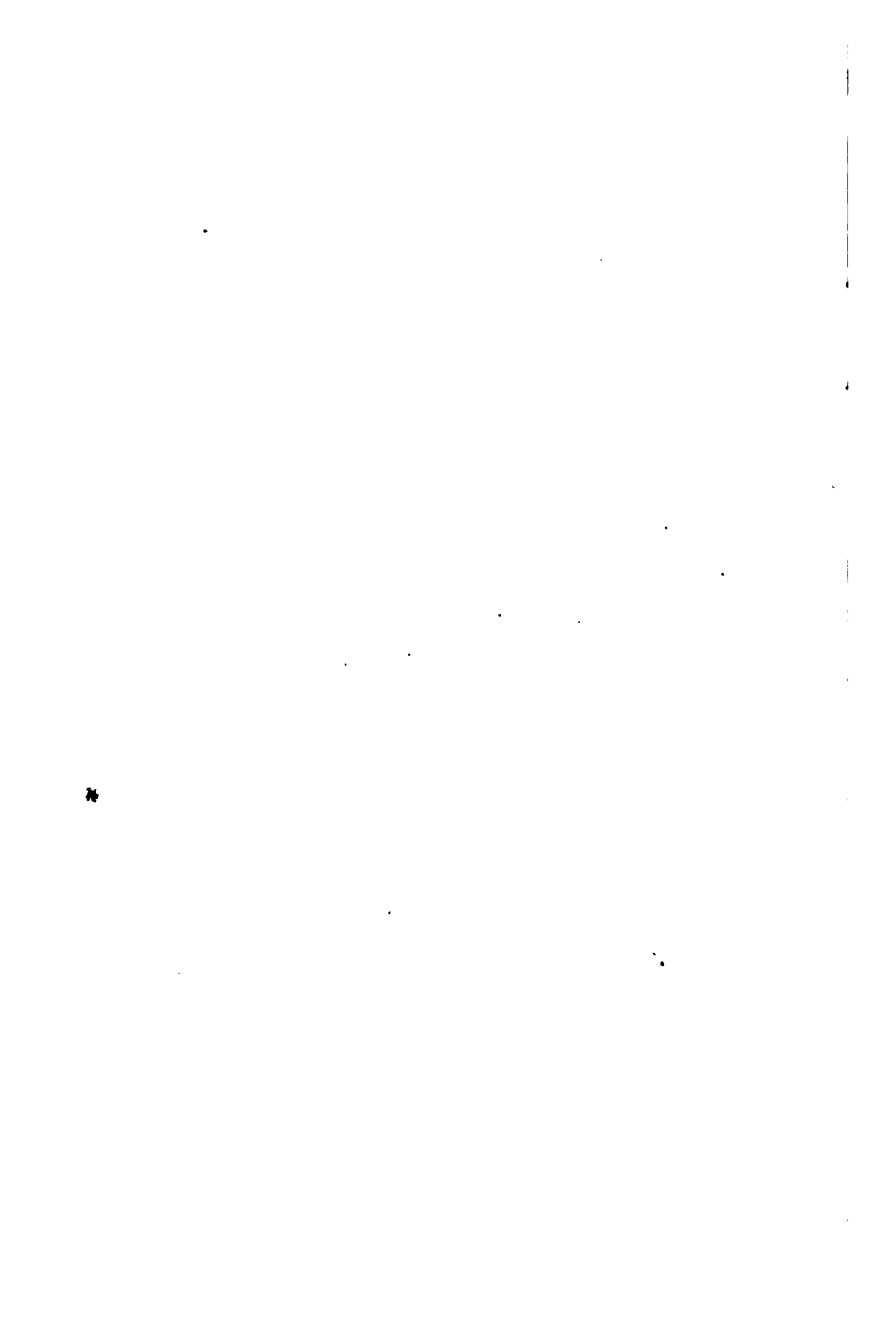
“and know something of music; they
 “can do up small cloaths, work upon
 “catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and
 “my youngest has a very pretty manner of
 “telling fortunes upon the cards.”

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: “But a
 “thing of this kind, Madam,” cried she, addressing my spouse, “requires a thorough
 “examination into characters, and a more
 “perfect knowledge of each other. Not,
 “Madam,” continued she, “that I in the
 “least suspect the young ladies virtue, prudence and discretion; but there is a form
 “in these things, Madam, there is a
 “form.”

My

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our Peerefs declined as unnecessary, alledging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAP.



C H A P. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the 'Squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we "have made an excellent day's work of
" it."

“and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.”

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the Colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gossling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him
good

good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendations.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such a pleasing account from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous enquiries more, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great ; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, they may go sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand to her pocket,

pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weefel skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection.——This air of diffidence
highly

highly displeased my wife. "I never
 "doubted, Sir," cried she, "your readi-
 "ness to be against my daughters and me.
 "You have more circumspection than is
 "wanted. However, I fancy when we
 "come to ask advice, we will apply to per-
 "sons who seem to have made use of it
 "themselves."——"Whatever my own
 "conduct may have been, madam," re-
 plied he, "is not the present question; tho'
 "as I have made no use of advice myself,
 "I should in conscience give it to those
 "that will."——As I was apprehen-
 sive this answer might draw on a repartee,
 making up by abuse what it wanted in wit,
 I changed the subject, by seeming to won-
 der what could keep our son so long at the
 fair, as it was now almost night-fall.——
 "Never mind our son," cried my wife,
 "depend upon it he knows what he is
 "about. I'll warrant we'll never see him
 "sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen
 "him buy such bargains as would amaze
 "one. I'll tell you a good story about
 "that, that will make you split your sides
 "with

“ with laughing——But as I live, yonder
 “ comes Moses, without an horse, and the
 “ box at his back.”

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders.—
 “ Welcome, welcome, Moses ; well, my
 “ boy, what have you brought us from the
 “ fair?”——“ I have brought you myself,”
 cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting
 the box on the dresser.——“ Ay, Moses,”
 cried my wife, “ that we know, but where
 “ is the horse?” “ I have sold him,” cried
 Moses, “ for three pounds five shillings and
 “ two-pence.”——“ Well done, my good
 “ boy,” returned she, “ I knew you
 “ would touch them off. Between our-
 “ selves, three pounds five shillings and
 “ two-pence is no bad day’s work. Come,
 “ let us have it then.”——“ I have brought
 “ back no money,” cried Moses again. I
 “ have laid it all out in a bargain, and
 “ here it is,” pulling out a bundle from
 his breast: “ here they are ; a groce of
 green

“green spectacles, with silver rims and
 “shagreen cases.”——“A groce of
 “green spectacles!” repeated my wife in
 a faint voice. “And you have parted with
 “the Colt, and brought us back nothing
 “but a groce of green paltry spectacles!”
 ——“Dear mother,” cried the boy,
 “why won’t you listen to reason? I had
 “them a dead bargain, or I should not
 “have bought them. The silver rims
 “alone will sell for double the mo-
 “ney.”——“A fig for the silver rims,”
 cried my wife, in a passion: “I dare
 “swear they won’t sell for above half
 “the money at the rate of broken
 “silver, five shillings an ounce.”——
 “You need be under no uneasiness,” cried
 I, “about selling the rims; for I perceive
 “they are only copper varnished over.”——
 “What,” cried my wife, “not silver, the
 “rims not silver!” “No,” cried I, “no
 “more silver than your sauce-pan.”——
 “And so,” returned she, “we have parted
 “with the Colt, and have only got a groce
 “of green spectacles, with copper rims
 “and

“and shagreen cafes! A murrain take
 “such trumpery. The blockhead has
 “been imposed upon, and should have
 “known his company better.”—“There,
 “my dear,” cried I, “you are wrong, he
 “should not have known them at all.”——
 “Marry, hang the idiot,” returned she
 again, “to bring me such stuff, if I had
 “them, I would throw them in the fire.”
 “There again you are wrong, my dear,”
 cried I; “for though they be copper, we
 “will keep them by us, as copper specta-
 “cles, you know, are better than no-
 “thing.”

By this time the unfortunate Moses was
 undeceived. He now saw that he had in-
 deed been imposed upon by a prowling
 sharper, who, observing his figure, had
 marked him for an easy prey. I therefore
 asked the circumstances of his deception.
 He sold the horse, it seems, and walked
 the fair in search of another. A reverend
 looking man brought him to a tent, under
 pre-

a pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, "very well drest, who desired to borrow "twenty pounds upon these, saying, that "he wanted money, and would dispose of "them for a third of the value. The "first gentleman, who pretended to be "my friend, whispered me to buy them, "and cautioned me not to let so good an "offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, "and they talked him up as finely as they "did me, and so at last we were persuaded "to buy the two groce between us."



C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy ;
for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by these they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous."

“ taceous to the weaker side: the rich
“ having the pleasure, and the poor the
“ inconveniencies that result from them.
“ But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat
“ the fable that you were reading to-day,
“ for the good of the company.”

“ Once upon a time,” cried the child,
“ a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and
“ kept together. They made a bar-
“ gain that they would never forsake
“ each other, but go seek adventures.
“ The first battle they fought was with two
“ Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very
“ courageous, dealt one of the champions a
“ most angry blow. It did the Saracen
“ but very little injury, who lifting up his
“ sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf’s
“ arm. He was now in a woeful plight;
“ but the Giant coming to his assistance, in
“ a short time left the two Saracens dead
“ on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the
“ dead man’s head out of spite. They
“ then travelled on to another adventure.
“ This was against three bloody-minded
“ Satyrs,

“ Satyrs, who were carrying away a dam-
 “ sel in distress. The Dwarf was not
 “ quite so fierce now as before; but for
 “ all that, struck the first blow, which
 “ was returned by another, that knocked out
 “ his eye: but the Giant was soon up with
 “ them, and had they not fled, would
 “ certainly have killed them every one.
 “ They were all very joyful for this victo-
 “ ry, and the damsel who was relieved fell
 “ in love with the Giant, and married him.
 “ They now travelled far, and farther than
 “ I can tell, till they met with a company
 “ of robbers. The Giant, for the first
 “ time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf
 “ was not far behind. The battle was
 “ stout and long. Wherever the Giant
 “ came all fell before him; but the Dwarf
 “ had like to have been killed more
 “ than once. At last the victory declared
 “ for the two adventurers; but the
 “ Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf was
 “ now without an arm, a leg, and an eye,
 “ while the Giant, who was without a sin-
 “ gle wound, cried out to him, Come

“on, my little heroe; this is glorious
 “sport; let us get one victory more,
 “and then we shall have honour for ever.
 “No, cries the Dwarf, who was by this time
 “grown wiser, no, I declare off; I’ll
 “fight no more: for I find in every battle
 “that you get all the honour and rewards,
 “but all the blows fall upon me.”

I was going to moralize this fable, when
 our attention was called off to a warm dis-
 pute between my wife and Mr. Burchell,
 upon my daughters intended expedition to
 town. My wife very strenuously insisted
 upon the advantages that would result from
 it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dis-
 suaded her with great ardor, and I stood
 neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but
 the second part of those which were re-
 ceived with so ill a grace in the morning.
 The dispute grew high, while poor De-
 borah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked
 louder, and at last was obliged to take
 shelter from a defeat in clamour. The
 con-

conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future.—“Madam,” cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to enflame her the more, “as for secret reasons, you are right: “ I have secret reasons, which I forbear to “ mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but “ I find my visits here are become troublesome; I’ll take my leave therefore now, and “ perhaps come once more to take a final “ farewell when I am quitting the country.” Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile,

and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove : “How, woman,” cried I to her, “is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing that ever escaped your lips!” —— “Why would he provoke me then,” replied she; “but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter’s company here at home. But whatever happens, she shall chuse better company than such low-lived fellows as he.” —— “Low lived, my dear, do you call him,” cried I, “it is very possible we may mistake this man’s character: for he seems upon some occasions the most finished gentleman I ever knew. —— Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?” —— “His conversation with me, sir,” replied my daughter, “has ever been sensible, modest,

“deft,

“ deſt, and pleaſing. As to aught elſe, no,
 “ never. Once, indeed, I remember to
 “ have heard him ſay he never knew a wo-
 “ man who could find merit in a man
 “ that ſeemed poor.” “ Such, my dear,”
 cried I, “ is the common cant of all
 “ the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you
 “ have been taught to judge properly of
 “ ſuch men, and that it would be even
 “ madneſs to expect happineſs from one
 “ who has been ſo very bad an œconomift
 “ of his own. Your mother and I have
 “ now better proſpects for you. The next
 “ winter, which you will probably ſpend
 “ in town, will give you opportunities of
 “ making a more prudent choice.”

What Sophia’s reflections were upon this
 occaſion, I can’t pretend to determine;
 but I was not diſpleaſed at the bottom
 that we were rid of a gueſt from whom
 I had much to fear. Our breach of
 hoſpitality went to my conſcience a little:
 but I quickly ſilenced that monitor by two
 or three ſpecious reaſons, which ſerved to

fatisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to punish by accusing.

C H A P. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without some expence. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished, it was found that our remaining horse

horse was utterly useless for the plow, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye, it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps, and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a
chap-

chapman approached, and, after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, would have nothing to say to him: a second came up; but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home: a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money: a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts: a fifth, more impertinent than all the rest, wondered what a plague I could do to the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every new customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me; yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right, and St. Gregory, upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business to the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonean controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said some-
thing

thing softly to the old stranger. "Make no
 " apologies, my child," said the old man, "to
 " do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow
 " creatures: take this, I wish it were more;
 " but five pounds will relieve your distress,
 " and you are welcome." The modest
 youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his
 gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could
 have hugged the good old man in my arms,
 his benevolence pleased me so. He conti-
 nued to read, and we resumed our conver-
 sation, until my companion, after some
 time, recollecting that he had business to
 transact in the fair, promised to be soon
 back; adding, that he always desired to
 have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as
 possible. The old gentleman, hearing my
 name mentioned, seemed to look at me
 with attention, and when my friend was
 gone, most respectfully demanded if I was
 any way related to the great Primrose, that
 courageous monogamist, who had been the
 bulwark of the church. Never did my
 heart feel sincerer rapture than at that mo-
 ment.

ment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of
 " so good a man, as I am sure you are,
 " adds to that happiness in my breast which
 " your benevolence has already excited.
 " You behold before you, Sir, that Doctor
 " Primrose, the monogamist, whom you
 " have been pleased to call great. You
 " here see that unfortunate Divine, who
 " has so long, and it would ill become me
 " to say, successfully, fought against the
 " deuterogamy of the age." "Sir," cried
 the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I
 " have been too familiar; but you'll for-
 " give my curiosity, Sir: I beg pardon."
 "Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you
 " are so far from displeasing me by your
 " familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept
 " my friendship, as you already have all
 " my esteem."—"Then with gratitude
 " I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing
 me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of
 " unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold—
 I here interrupted what he was going to
 say; for tho', as an author, I could digest

no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much——“Ay, Sir,” replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, “Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these
“ words,

“ words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to*
 “ *pan*, which imply that all things have
 “ neither beginning nor end. Manetho
 “ also, who lived about the time of Ne-
 “ buchadon-Affer, Affer being a Syriac
 “ word usually applied as a surname to the
 “ kings of that country, as Teglat Phael-
 “ Affer, Nabon-Affer, he, I say, formed
 “ a conjecture equally absurd ; for as we
 “ usually say *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which
 “ implies that books will never teach the
 “ world ; so he attempted to investigate—
 “ But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying
 “ from the question.”——That he actually
 was ; nor could I for my life see how the
 creation of the world had any thing to do
 with the business I was talking of ; but it
 was sufficient to shew me that he was a
 man of letters, and I now revered him
 the more. I was resolved therefore to
 bring him to the touch-stone ; but he was
 too mild and too gentle to contend for vic-
 tory. Whenever I made any observation
 that looked like a challenge to controversy,
 he would smile, shake his head, and say
 no-

nothing ; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject therefore insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine I told him was to sell an horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered the landlady to call up his footman, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. “ Here, Abraham,” cried he, “ go and get gold for this ; you’ll do it at neighbour Jackson’s, or any where.” While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold ; and by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard
to

to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, tho' he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all ; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country : upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, " If that be the case then," returned he, " I believe we shall deal. You " shall have a draught upon him, payable " at sight ; and let me tell you he is as " warm a man as any within five miles " round him. Honest Solomon and I have " been acquainted for many years together. " I remember I always beat him at three " jumps ; but he could hop upon one leg " farther than I." A draught upon my neighbour was to me the same as money ; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability : the draught was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse

horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

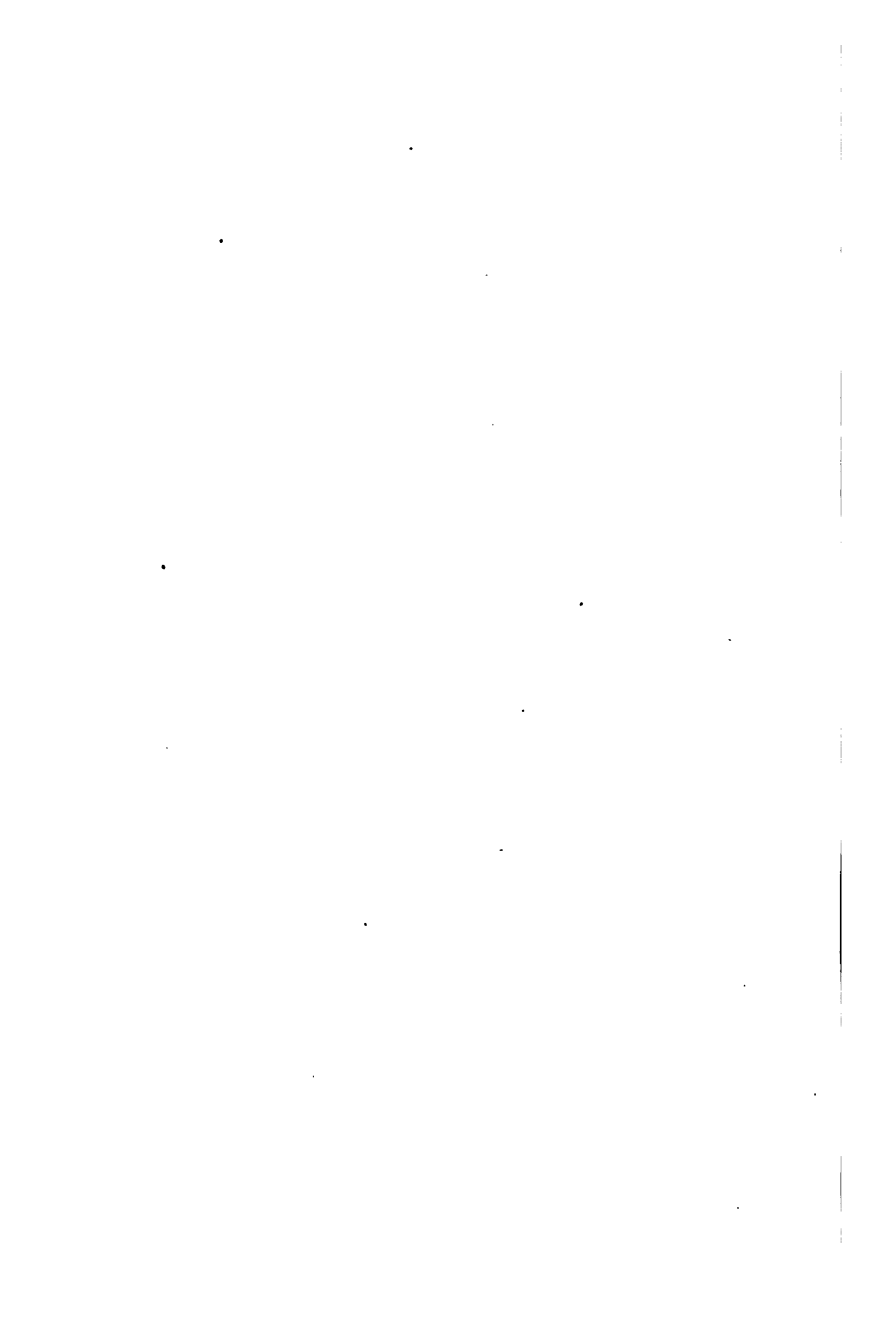
Being now left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draught from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon having back my horse, and following the purchaser. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draught changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson." "Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not, a venerable looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek and
" cof-

“cosmogony, and the world?” To this I replied with a groan. “Aye,” continued he, “he has but that one piece of learning ‘in the world, and he always talks it away ‘whenever he finds a scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will ‘catch him yet.”

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master’s sweet visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could
neither

neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these . but whatever they might be, [or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.



C H A P. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected.
The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening and a part of the following day was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, *the copy of*

H

a

a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill-castle. It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it ; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and, at their joint sollicitation, I read as follows:

L A D I E S,

“**T**HE bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intentions of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such

a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity ; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us ; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had

met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching revenge. Tho' our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude ; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little ; but then in the midst of the flattering calm to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself,

as

as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and sat down.—“A fine day, Mr. Burchell.”——“A very fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain by the shooting of my corns.”——“The shooting of your horns,” cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke.—“Dear madam,” replied he, “I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke till you told me.”——“Perhaps not, Sir,” cried my wife, winking at us, “and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.”——“I fancy, madam,” returned Burchell, “you have been reading a jest book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding.”——“I believe you might,” cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have

“very little.”——“And no doubt,” replied her antagonist, “you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.”—— I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. “Both wit and understanding,” cried I, “are trifles, without integrity: it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without an heart? *An honest man is the noblest work of God.*”

“I always held that favourite maxim of Pope,” returned Mr. Burchell, “as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized not for their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar

“lar

“ lar may want prudence, the statesman
“ may have pride, and the champion fero-
“ city ; but shall we prefer to these men
“ the low mechanic, who laboriously plods
“ on through life, without censure or ap-
“ plause? We might as well prefer the
“ tame correct paintings of the Flemish
“ school to the erroneous, but sublime ani-
“ mations of the Roman pencil.”

“ Sir,” replied I, “ your present obser-
“ vation is just, when there are shining vir-
“ tues and minute defects; but when it ap-
“ pears that great vices are opposed in the
“ same mind to as extraordinary virtues,
“ such a character deserves contempt.

“ Perhaps,” cried he, “ there may be
“ some such monsters as you describe, of
“ great vices joined to great virtues ; yet
“ in my progress through life, I never
“ yet found one instance of their existence:
“ on the contrary, I have ever perceived,
“ that where the mind was capacious, the

“ affections were good. And indeed Pro-
 “ vidence seems kindly our friend in this
 “ particular, thus to debilitate the under-
 “ standing where the heart is corrupt, and
 “ diminish the power where there is the will
 “ to do mischief. This rule seems to ex-
 “ tend even to other animals: the little
 “ vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel,
 “ and cowardly, whilst those endowed with
 “ strength and power are generous, brave,
 “ and gentle.”

“ These observations found well,” re-
 turned I, “ and yet it would be easy this
 “ moment to point out a man,” and I fixed
 my eye stedfastly upon him, “ whose head
 “ and heart form a most detestable contrast.
 “ Ay, Sir,” continued I, raising my voice,
 “ and I am glad to have this opportunity
 “ of detecting him in the midst of his fan-
 “ cied security. Do you know this, Sir,
 “ this pocket-book?”——“ Yes, Sir,”
 returned he, with a face of impenetrable
 assurance, “ that pocket-book is mine, and
 “ I am glad you have found it.”——“ And
 “ do

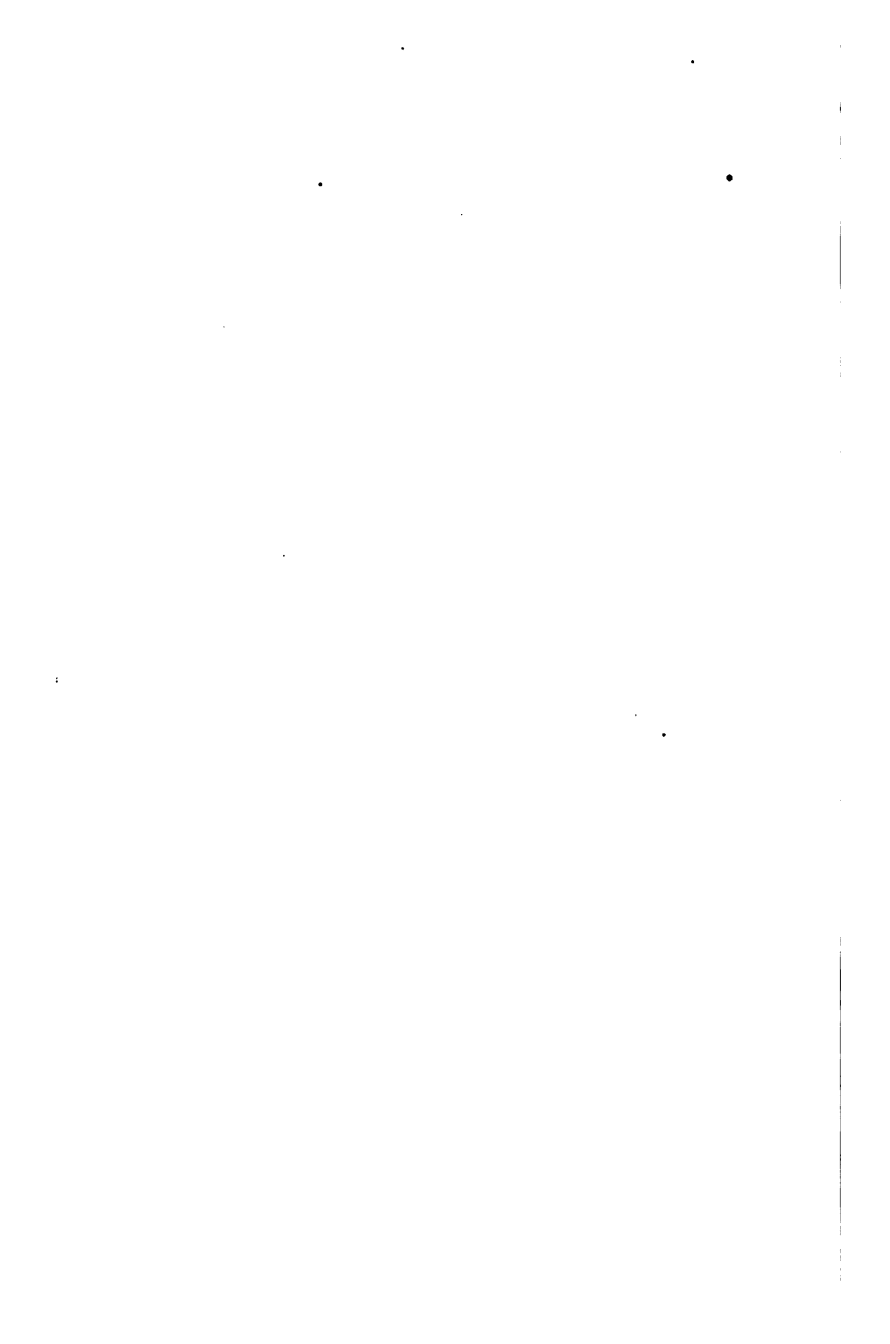
“ do you know,” cried I, “ this letter?
 “ Nay, never falter man ; but look me full
 “ in the face : I say, do you know this let-
 “ ter?”——“ That letter,” returned he,
 “ yes, it was I that wrote that letter.”——
 “ And how could you,” said I, “ so basely,
 “ so ungratefully presume to write this
 “ letter?”——“ And how came you,” re-
 “ plied he, with looks of unparalleled ef-
 “ frontery, “ so basely to presume to break
 “ open this letter? Don’t you know, now,
 “ I could hang you all for this? All that
 “ I have to do, is to swear at the next jus-
 “ tice’s, that you have been guilty of
 “ breaking open the lock of my pocket-
 “ book, and so hang you all up at his
 “ door.” This piece of unexpected info-
 lence raised me to such a pitch, that I
 could scarce govern my passion. “ Ungrate-
 “ ful wretch, begone, and no longer pol-
 “ lute my dwelling with thy baseness.
 “ Begone, and never let me see thee again:
 “ go from my doors, and the only punish-
 “ ment I wish thee is an allarmed consci-
 “ ence, which will be a sufficient tormen-

“tor!” So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us, quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villainies, “My dear,” cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, “we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

“Guilt and shame, says the allegory, were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both; guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever.

“Guilt

“ ‘Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to
“ overtake fate, that went before in the
“ shape of an executioner: but shame be-
“ ing naturally timorous, returned back to
“ keep company with virtue, which, in the
“ beginning of their journey, they had left
“ behind. Thus, my children, after men have
“ travelled through a few stages in vice, they
“ no longer continue to have shame at do-
“ ing evil, and shame attends only upon
“ their virtues.”



CHAP. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed with
still greater.

WHATEVER might have been
Sophia's sensations, the rest of the
family was easily consoled for Mr. Bur-
chell's absence by the company of our
landlord, whose visits now became more fre-
quent and longer. Though he had been
disappointed in procuring my daughters the
amusements of the town, as he designed,
he took every opportunity of supplying
them with those little recreations which our
retirement would admit of. He usually
came in the morning, and while my son and
I followed our occupations abroad, he sat
with the family at home, and amused them
by describing the town, with every part
of

of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his defects. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him, or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia: if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, her judgment was infallible. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the 'Squire, that she thought him and Olivia

via

via extremely like each other, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending a rich uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of the family, my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and did them for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us,
and

and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, for what could I do? our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something done in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution to be drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, with a stomacher richly set with diamonds, and her two little

tle ones as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Bangorean controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green josoph, laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could spare ; and Moses was to be dressed out with an hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the 'Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family in reality, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was compleated. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours ; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance ;

but

but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable ; but certain it is, we were this time all greatly overseen. Instead therefore of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, there it leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle ; some wondered how it should be got out, and still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more ill-natured suggestions in many. The 'Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Malicious whif-
pers

pers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity continually to be disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit ; but scandal ever improves by opposition. We again therefore entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this : as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then fixed upon to terrify him with a rival, which it was thought would compel him, though never so refractory. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if Mr. Thornhill did not prevent it,

by

by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution ; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole conversation ; which my wife artfully introduced, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands : " But heaven help," continued she, " the girls that have none. " What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill ? " or what signifies all the virtue, and all " the qualifications in the world, in this " age of self-interest ? It is not, what is " she ? but what has she ? is all the cry."

" Madam,"

“Madam,” returned he, “I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks, and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It would then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes: our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide.”

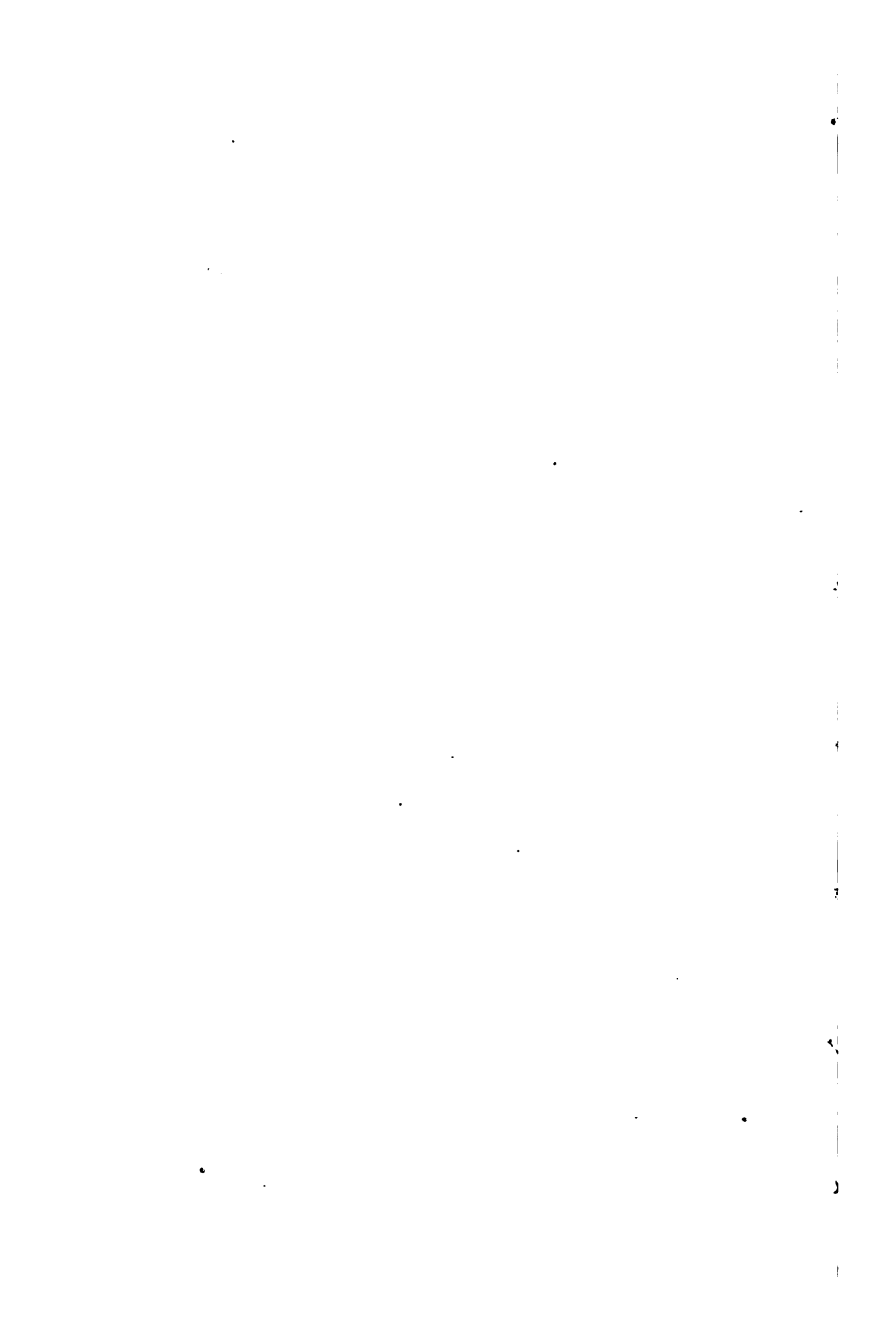
“Ah, Sir!” returned my wife, “you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where they should look for an husband. But now, that you have put it into my head, seriously Mr. Thornhill, can’t you recommend me a proper husband for my eldest girl? She is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts.”

“Madam,” replied he, “if I were to chuse, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, for-
“tune,

“ tune, taste, and sincerity, such, madam,
 “ would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.” “ Ay, Sir,” said she, “ but do you
 “ know of any such person?”——“ No,
 “ madam,” returned he, “ it is impossible to
 “ know any person that deserves to be her
 “ husband: she’s too great a treasure for one
 “ man’s possession: she’s a goddess. Upon
 “ my soul, I speak what I think, she’s an
 “ angel.”——“ Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you
 “ only flatter my poor girl: but we have
 “ been thinking of marrying her to one of
 “ your tenants, whose mother is lately dead,
 “ and who wants a manager: you know
 “ whom I mean, farmer Williams; a warm
 “ man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her
 “ good bread; ay, and who has several
 “ times made her proposals: (which was
 actually the case) but, Sir,” concluded she,
 “ I should be glad to have your approbation
 “ of our choice.”——“ How, madam,”
 replied he, “ my approbation!
 “ My approbation of such a choice! Never.
 “ What! Sacrifice so much beauty, and
 “ sense,

“ sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons!”——
 “ Indeed, Sir,” cried Deborah, “ if you have your reasons, that’s another affair ; but I should be glad to know those reasons”—— “ Excuse me, madam,” returned he, “ they lie too deep for discovery: (laying his hand upon his bosom) they remain buried, rivetted here.”

After he was gone, upon general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion ; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them: yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of farmer Williams, who, since my daughter’s first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.



C H A P. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power
of long and pleasing temptation.

AS I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two after he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill

appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gayety.—“You now see, my child,” said I, “that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream: he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you by a candid declaration himself.”——“Yes, pappa,” returned she, “but he has his reasons for this delay: I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convince me of his real esteem.

“A

“ A short time, I hope, will discover the ge-
 “ nerosity of his sentiments, and convince
 “ you that my opinion of him has been
 “ more just than yours.”—“ Olivia, my dar-
 “ ling,” returned I, “ every scheme that has
 “ been hitherto pursued to compel him to a
 “ declaration, has been proposed and plan-
 “ ned by yourself, nor can you in the least
 “ say that I have constrained you. But you
 “ must not suppose, my dear, that I will
 “ be ever instrumental in suffering his ho-
 “ nest rival to be the dupe of your ill-
 “ placed passion. Whatever time you re-
 “ quire to bring your fancied admirer to
 “ an explanation shall be granted ; but at
 “ the expiration of that term, if he is still
 “ regardless, I must absolutely insist that
 “ honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded
 “ for his fidelity. The character which I
 “ have hitherto supported in life demands
 “ this from me, and my tenderness, as
 “ a parent, shall never influence my in-
 “ tegrity as a man. Name then your day,
 “ let it be as distant as you think proper,
 “ and in the mean time take care to let

“ Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on
 “ which I design delivering you up to an-
 “ other. If he really loves you, his own
 “ good sense will readily suggest that there
 “ is but one method alone to prevent his
 “ losing you for ever.”——This propo-
 sal, which she could not avoid considering
 as perfectly just, was readily agreed to.
 She again renewed her most positive promise
 of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the
 other’s insensibility; and at the next oppor-
 tunity, in Mr. Thornhill’s presence, that
 day month was fixed upon for her nuptials
 with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to re-
 double Mr. Thornhill’s anxiety: but what
 Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In
 this struggle between prudence and passion,
 her vivacity quite forsook her, and every op-
 portunity of solitude was sought, and spent
 in tears. One week passed away; but
 her lover made no efforts to restrain her
 nuptials. The succeeding week he was still
 assiduous; but not more open. On the
 third

third he discontinued his visits entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution. It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Busy in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family, what is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-press and brewing tubs for nothing."—

“ That we shall, Moses,” cried I, “ and
 “ he will sing us Death and the Lady, to
 “ raise our spirits into the bargain.”——
 “ He has taught that song to our Dick,”
 cried Moses ; “ and I think he goes thro’
 “ it very prettily.—“Does he so,” cried I,
 “ then let us have it : where’s little Dick ?
 “ let him up with it boldly.”——“My
 “ brother Dick,” cried Bill my youngest,
 “ is just gone out with sister Livy ; but Mr.
 “ Williams has taught me two songs, and
 “ I’ll sing them for you, pappa. Which
 “ song do you chuse, *the Dying Swan*, or
 “ the *Elegy on the death of a mad dog* ?”
 “ The elegy, child, by all means,” said I,
 “ I never heard that yet ; and Deborah,
 “ my life, grief you know is dry, let us
 “ have a bottle of the best gooseberry
 “ wine, to keep up our spirits. I have
 “ wept so much at all sorts of elegies of
 “ late, that without an enlivening glass I
 “ am sure this will overcome me ; and So-
 “ phy, love, take your guitar, and thrum
 “ in with the boy a little.”

An

An ELEGY on the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all, of every fort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Isling town there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a goodly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both fore and fad,
To every christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

“ A very good boy, Bill, upon my word,
“ and an elegy that may truly be called
“ tragical. Come, my children, here's
“ Bill's health, and may he one day be a
“ bishop.”

“ With all my heart,” cried my wife ;
“ and if he but preaches as well as he
“ sings,

“ fings, I make no doubt of him. The
 “ moft of his family, by the mother’s fide,
 “ could fing a good fong: it was a com-
 “ mon faying in our country, that the family
 “ of the Blenkinfops could never look ftrait
 “ before them, nor the Hugginfes blow out a
 “ candle; that there were none of the Gro-
 “ grams but could fing a fong, or of the
 “ Marjorams but could tell a ftory.”——
 “ However that be,” cried I, “ the moft
 “ vulgar ballad of them all generally pleafes
 “ me better than the fine modern odes,
 “ and things that petrify us in a fingle
 “ ftanza; productions that we at once de-
 “ teft and praife. Put the glafs to your
 “ brother, Mofes. The great fault of thefe
 “ elegifts is, that they are in defpair for
 “ griefs that give the fenfible part of man-
 “ kind very little pain. A lady lofes her
 “ lap-dog, and fo the filly poet runs home
 “ to verify the difafter.”

“ That may be the mode,” cried Mofes,
 “ in fublimer compositions; but the Ra-

“ nelagh songs that come down to us are
 “ perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same
 “ mold: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold
 “ a dialogue together; he gives her a fair-
 “ ing to put in her hair, and she presents
 “ him with a nosegay; and then they go
 “ together to church, where they give
 “ good advice to young nymphs and
 “ swains to get married as fast as they
 “ can.”

“ And very good advice too,” cried I,
 “ and I am told there is not a place in the
 “ world where advice can be given with
 “ so much propriety as there; for, as it per-
 “ suades us to marry, it also furnishes us
 “ with a wife; and surely that must be an
 “ excellent market, my boy, where we are
 “ told what we want, and supplied with it
 “ when wanting.”

“ Yes, Sir,” returned Moses, “ and I
 “ know but of two such markets for wives
 “ in Europe, Ranelagh in England, and
 “ Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish mar-
 “ ket

“ ket is open once a year, but our Eng-
“ lish wives are saleable every night.”

“ You are right, my boy,” cried his
mother, “ Old England is the only place in
“ the world for husbands to get wives.”—
“ And for wives to manage their husbands,”
interrupted I. “ It is a proverb abroad,
“ that if a bridge were built across the sea,
“ all the ladies of the Continent would
“ come over to take pattern from ours ; for
“ there are no such wives in Europe as our
“ own.

“ But let us have one bottle more, De-
“ borah, my life, and Moses give us a
“ good song. What thanks do we not owe
“ to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity,
“ health, and competence. I think myself
“ happier now than the greatest monarch
“ upon earth. He has no such fire-side,
“ nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes,
“ Deborah, my dear, we are now growing
“ old ; but the evening of our life is like-
“ ly to be happy. We are descended from
“ ances-

“ Sir,” resumed my son, after a pause,
 “ your rage is too violent and unbecom-
 “ ing. You should be my mother’s com-
 “ forter, and you encrease her pain. It
 “ ill suited you and your reverend cha-
 “ racter thus to curse your greatest enemy :
 “ you should not have cursed the wretch,
 “ villain as he is.”——“ I did not curse
 “ him, child, did I?”——“ Indeed, Sir,
 “ you did ; you cursed him twice.”——
 “ Then may heaven forgive me and him if
 “ I did. And now, my son, I see it was
 “ more than human benevolence that first
 “ taught us to bless our enemies ! Blessed be
 “ his holy name for all the good he has
 “ given, and for that he has taken away.
 “ But it is not, it is not, a small distress
 “ that can wring tears from these old eyes,
 “ that have not wept for so many years.
 “ My Child !—To undo my darling ! May
 “ confusion seize ! Heaven forgive me,
 “ what am I about to say ! You may re-
 “ member, my love, how good she was,
 “ and how charming ; till this vile moment
 “ all her care was to make us happy. Had
 “ she

“ she but died! But she is gone, the honour
 “ of our family contaminated, and I must
 “ look out for happiness in other worlds than
 “ here. But my child, you saw them go off:
 “ perhaps he forced her away? If he forced
 “ her, she may yet be innocent.”—“ Ah no,
 “ Sir!” cried the child, “ he only kissed
 “ her, and called her his angel, and she
 “ wept very much, and leaned upon his
 “ arm, and they drove off very fast.”——
 “ She’s an ungrateful creature,” cried my
 wife, who could scarce speak for weeping,
 “ to use us thus. She never had the least
 “ constraint put upon her affections. The
 “ vile strumpet has basely deserted her pa-
 “ rents without any provocation, thus to
 “ bring your grey hairs to the grave, and
 “ I must shortly follow.”

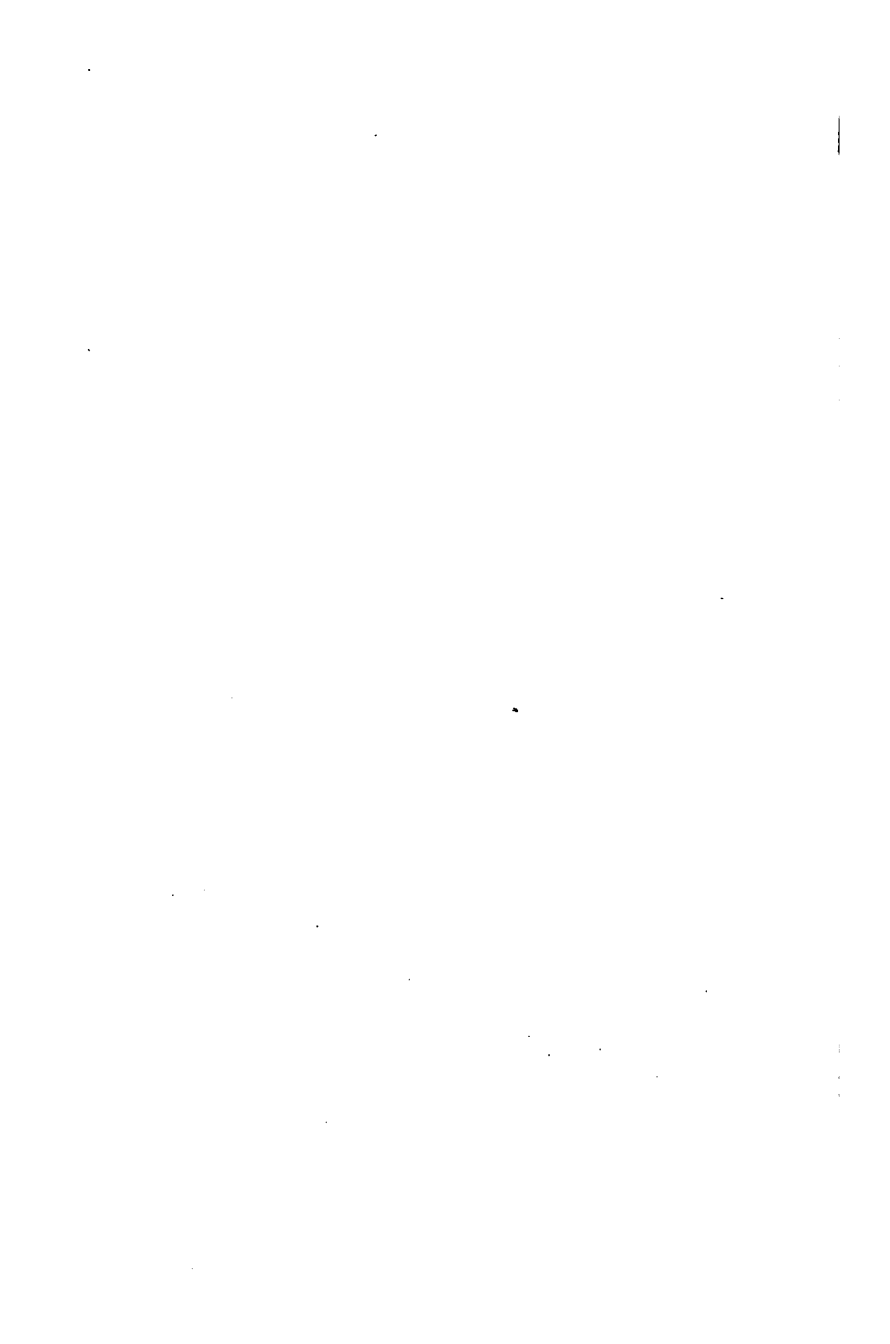
In this manner that night, the first of
 our real misfortunes, was spent in the bit-
 terness of complaint, and ill supported fal-
 lies of enthusiasm. I determined, how-
 ever, to find out our betrayer, wherever
 he

he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. "Never," cried she, "shall that vilest stain of our family again darken those harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us."

"Wife," said I, "do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes,

"the

“ the wretched creature shall be welcome
“ to this heart and this house, tho’ stained
“ with ten thousand vices. I will again
“ hearken to the music of her voice, again
“ will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I
“ find but repentance there. My son,
“ bring hither my bible and my staff; I
“ will pursue her, wherever she is, and tho’
“ I cannot save her from shame, I may
“ prevent the continuance of iniquity.”



C H A P. XVIII.

The purfuit of a father to reclaim a loft
child to virtue.

THO' the child could not describe the gentleman's perfon who handed his fifter into the poft-chaise, yet my fufpicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for fuch intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my fteps towards Thornhill-castle, refolving to upbraid him, and, if poffible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his feat, I was met by one of my parifhioners, who faid he faw a young lady refembling my daughter in a poft-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the defcription, I could only guefs to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very faft. This information, however, did by no
means

means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young 'Squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately: he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her: but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Hearing this, I resolved to pursue them there. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the 'Squire's, and he assured me that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend

pend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more. I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I re-

tired

tired to a little ale-house by the road-side, and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopt to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's church-yard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of
the

the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journies of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them ; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shews us some new prospect of hidden disappointment ; so in our descent to the vale of wretchedness, which, from the summits of pleasure appears dark and gloomy, the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds something to flatter and surprise it. Still as we descend, the objects appear to brighten, unexpected prospects amuse, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forwards, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived
what

what appeared at a distance like the waggon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. Good company upon the road, says the proverb, is always the shortest cut, I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual freedom: but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day.——

“ I fancy, Sir,” cried the player, “ few of
 “ our modern dramatists would think them-
 “ selves much honoured by being com-
 “ pared to the writers you mention. Dry-
 “ den and Row's manner, Sir, are quite
 “ out of fashion; our taste has gone back a
 “ whole

“ whole century, Fletcher, Ben Johnson,
 “ and all the plays of Shakespear, are the
 “ only things that go down.”——“ How,”
 cried I, “ is it possible the present age can
 “ be pleased with that antiquated dialect,
 “ that obsolete humour, those over-charged
 “ characters, which abound in the works
 “ you mention ?” —— “ Sir,” returned
 my companion, “ the public think no-
 “ thing about dialect, or humour, or cha-
 “ racter ; for that is none of their busi-
 “ ness, they only go to be amused, and
 “ find themselves happy when they can en-
 “ joy a pantomime, under the sanction of
 “ Johnson’s or Shakespear’s name.”——“ So
 “ then, I suppose” cried I, “ that our mo-
 “ dern dramatists are rather imitators of
 “ Shakespear than of nature.”——“ To
 say the truth,” returned my companion,
 “ I don’t know that they imitate any
 “ thing at all ; nor indeed does the
 “ public require it of them : it is not the
 “ composition of the piece, but the num-
 “ ber of starts and attitudes that may be
 “ introduced into it that elicits applause. I

“ have known a piece, with not one jest in
 “ the whole, shrugged into popularity, and
 “ another faved by the poet’s throwing in
 “ a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the works
 “ of Congreve and Farquhar have too
 “ much wit in them for the present taste ;
 “ our modern dialogue is much more na-
 “ tural.”

By this time the equipage of the strolling
 company was arrived at the village, which, it
 seems, had been apprised of our approach, and
 was come out to gaze at us; for my compa-
 nion observed, that strollers always have more
 spectators without doors than within. I did
 not consider the impropriety of my being
 in such company till I saw a mob ga-
 thered about me. I therefore took shel-
 ter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house
 that offered, and being shewn into the
 common room, was accosted by a very well-
 dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I
 was the real chaplain of the company, or
 whether it was only to be my masquerade
 character in the play. Upon informing him
 of

of the truth, and that I did not belong to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and seeming interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon my asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house, with which request, after some entreaties, I was prevailed on to comply.



C H A P. XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in the country. The apartment into which we were shewn was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies, in an

easy deshabille, were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor, to which replying in the negative, "What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?" cried he. "Neither, Sir," returned I. "That's strange, very strange," replied my entertainer. "Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen magazines, and the two reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton's boast, and by all my coal mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians." "Then it is to be hoped," cried I, "you reverence the king." "Yes," returned my entertainer, "when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late,

" I'll

“ I’ll never trouble myself more with his
“ matters. I say nothing. I think only.
“ I could have directed some things
“ better. I don’t think there has been
“ a sufficient number of advisers : he
“ should advise with every person willing to
“ give him advice, and then we should
“ have things done in another manner.

“ I wish,” cried I, “ that such intrud-
“ ing advisers were fixed in the pillory.
“ It should be the duty of honest men
“ to assist the weaker side of our con-
“ stitution, that sacred power that has for
“ some years been every day declining, and
“ losing its due share of influence in the
“ state. But these ignorants still continue
“ the cry of liberty, and if they have any
“ weight basely throw it into the subsiding
“ scale.”

“ How,” cried one of the ladies, “ do
“ I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to
“ be an enemy to liberty, and a defender
“ of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of

“ heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!”

“ Can it be possible,” cried our entertainer, “ that there should be any found at present advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, Sir, be so abject?”

“ No, Sir,” replied I, “ I am for liberty, that attribute of Gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne: we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called Levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as
“ sure

“ fure as your groom rides your horfes, be-
 “ caufe he is a cunninger animal than they,
 “ fo furely will the animal that is cunninger
 “ or stronger than he, fit upon his shoul-
 “ ders in turn. Since then it is entailed
 “ upon humanity to submit, and fome are
 “ born to command, and others to obey,
 “ the question is, as there muft be ty-
 “ rants, whether it is better to have them
 “ in the fame houfe with us, or in the
 “ fame village, or ftill farther off, in the
 “ metropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as
 “ I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the
 “ farther off he is removed from me, the
 “ better pleased am I. The generality of
 “ mankind alfo are of my way of thinking,
 “ and have unanimoufly created one king,
 “ whose election at once diminifhes the
 “ number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at
 “ the greateft diftance from the greateft
 “ number of people. Now thofe who
 “ were tyrants themfelves before the elec-
 “ tion of one tyrant, are naturally averfe to
 “ a power raifed over them, and whose

“ weight must ever lean heaviest on the su-
 “ bordinate orders. It is the interest of the
 “ great, therefore, to diminish kingly power
 “ as much as possible; because whatever they
 “ take from it is naturally restored to them-
 “ selves; and all they have to do in a state,
 “ is to undermine the single tyrant, by which
 “ they resume their primæval authority.
 “ Now, a state may be so constitutionally cir-
 “ cumstanced, its laws may be so disposed,
 “ and its men of opulence so minded, as
 “ all to conspire to carry on this business of
 “ undermining monarchy. If the circum-
 “ stances of the state be such, for instance,
 “ as to favour the accumulation of wealth,
 “ and make the opulent still more rich, this
 “ will encrease their strength and their am-
 “ bition. But an accumulation of wealth
 “ must necessarily be the consequence in a
 “ state when more riches flow in from ex-
 “ ternal commerce, than arise from inter-
 “ nal industry: for external commerce can
 “ only be managed to advantage by the
 “ rich, and they have also at the same
 “ time

“ time all the emoluments arising from in-
“ ternal industry: so that the rich, in such
“ a state, have two sources of wealth, where-
“ as the poor have but one. Thus wealth
“ in all commercial states is found to accu-
“ mulate, and such have hitherto in time
“ become aristocratical. Besides this, the
“ very laws of a country may contribute
“ to the accumulation of wealth; as when
“ those natural ties that bind the rich and
“ poor together are broken, and it is or-
“ dained that the rich shall only marry a-
“ mong each other; or when the learned
“ are held unqualified to serve their coun-
“ try as counsellors merely from a defect of
“ opulence, and wealth is thus made the
“ object of a wise man’s ambition; by
“ these means I say, and such means as
“ these, riches will accumulate. The pos-
“ sessor of accumulated wealth, when fur-
“ nished with the necessaries and pleasures
“ of life, can employ the superfluity of for-
“ tune only in purchasing power. That
“ is, differently speaking, in making de-
“ pendants,

“ pendants, in purchasing the liberty of the
 “ needy or the venal, of men who are willing
 “ to bear the mortification of contiguous ty-
 “ ranny for bread. Thus each very opulent
 “ man generally gathers round him a circle
 “ of the poorest of the people ; and the po-
 “ lity abounding in accumulated wealth,
 “ may be compared to a Cartesian system,
 “ each orb with a vortex of its own.
 “ Those, however, who are willing to
 “ move in a great man’s vortex, are only
 “ such as must be slaves, the rabble of
 “ mankind, whose souls and whose education
 “ are adapted to servitude, and who know
 “ nothing of liberty except the name. But
 “ there must still be a large number of the
 “ people without the sphere of the opulent
 “ man’s influence, namely, that order of
 “ men which subsists between the very rich
 “ and the very rabble; those men who are pos-
 “ sessed of too large fortunes to submit to the
 “ neighbouring man in power, and yet are
 “ too poor to set up for tyranny themselves.
 “ In this middle order of mankind are ge-
 “ nerally

“ nerally to be found all the arts, wisdom,
“ and virtues of society. This order alone
“ is known to be the true preserver of
“ freedom, and may be called the People.
“ Now it may happen that this middle or-
“ der of mankind may lose all its influence
“ in a state, and its voice be in a manner
“ drowned in that of the rabble: for if
“ the fortune sufficient for qualifying a per-
“ son at present to give his voice in state
“ affairs, be ten times less than was judged
“ sufficient upon forming the constitution,
“ it is evident that greater numbers of the
“ rabble will thus be introduced into the
“ political system, and they ever moving in
“ the vortex of the great, will follow where
“ greatness shall direct. In such a state,
“ therefore, all that the middle order has
“ left, is to preserve the prerogative and
“ privileges of the one principal tyrant
“ with the most sacred circumspection. For
“ he divides the power of the rich, and calls
“ off the great from falling with tenfold
“ weight on the middle order placed beneath
“ them. The middle order may be com-
“ pared

“ pared to a town of which the opulent are
 “ forming the siege, and which the tyrant
 “ is hastening to relieve. While the be-
 “ siegers are in dread of the external ene-
 “ my, it is but natural to offer the townf-
 “ men the most specious terms; to flatter
 “ them with sounds, and amuse them with
 “ privileges: but if they once defeat the
 “ tyrant, the walls of the town will be but
 “ a small defence to its inhabitants. What
 “ they may then expect, may be seen by
 “ turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or
 “ Venice, where the laws govern the poor,
 “ and the rich govern the law. I am then
 “ for, and would die for, monarchy, fa-
 “ cred monarchy; for if there be any thing
 “ sacred amongst men, it must be the
 “ anointed sovereign of his people, and
 “ every diminution of his power in war, or
 “ in peace, is an infringemet upon the real
 “ liberties of the subject. The sounds of
 “ liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have al-
 “ ready done *much*, it is to be hoped that
 “ the true sons of freedom will prevent
 “ their ever doing more. I have known
 “ many

“ many of those bold champions for liber-
“ ty in my time, yet do I not remember
“ one that was not in his heart and in his
“ family a tyrant.”

My warmth I found had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good breeding: but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. “ What,” cried he, “ then I have been all this while
“ entertaining a Jesuit in parson’s cloaths;
“ but by all the coal mines of Cornwall,
“ out he shall pack, if my name be Wil-
“ kinson.” I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. “ Pardon,” returned he in a fury: “ I think such principles de-
“ mand ten thousand pardons. What, give
“ up liberty, property, and, as the Ga-
“ zetteer says, lie down to be faddled with
“ wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your
“ marching out of this house immediately,
“ to prevent worse consequences, Sir, I in-
“ sist upon it.” I was going to repeat my
remon-

remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, "As sure as death there is our master and mistress come home." It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman, with his lady, enter, nor was their surprize, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. "Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, "I am your most humble servant; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that I almost sink under the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to him, his, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear miss Arabella

bella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. "My dear sir," cried she, "to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest." Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling upon being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged now, insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed
under

under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber^d, and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. "Alas! "Madam," cried I, "he has now been "near three years absent, without ever "writing to his friends or me. Where he "is I know not; perhaps I shall never see "him or happiness more. No, my dear "Madam, we shall never more see such "pleasing hours as were once spent by our "fire-side at Wakefield. My little family "are now dispersing very fast, and poverty "has brought not only want, but infamy "upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It
was,

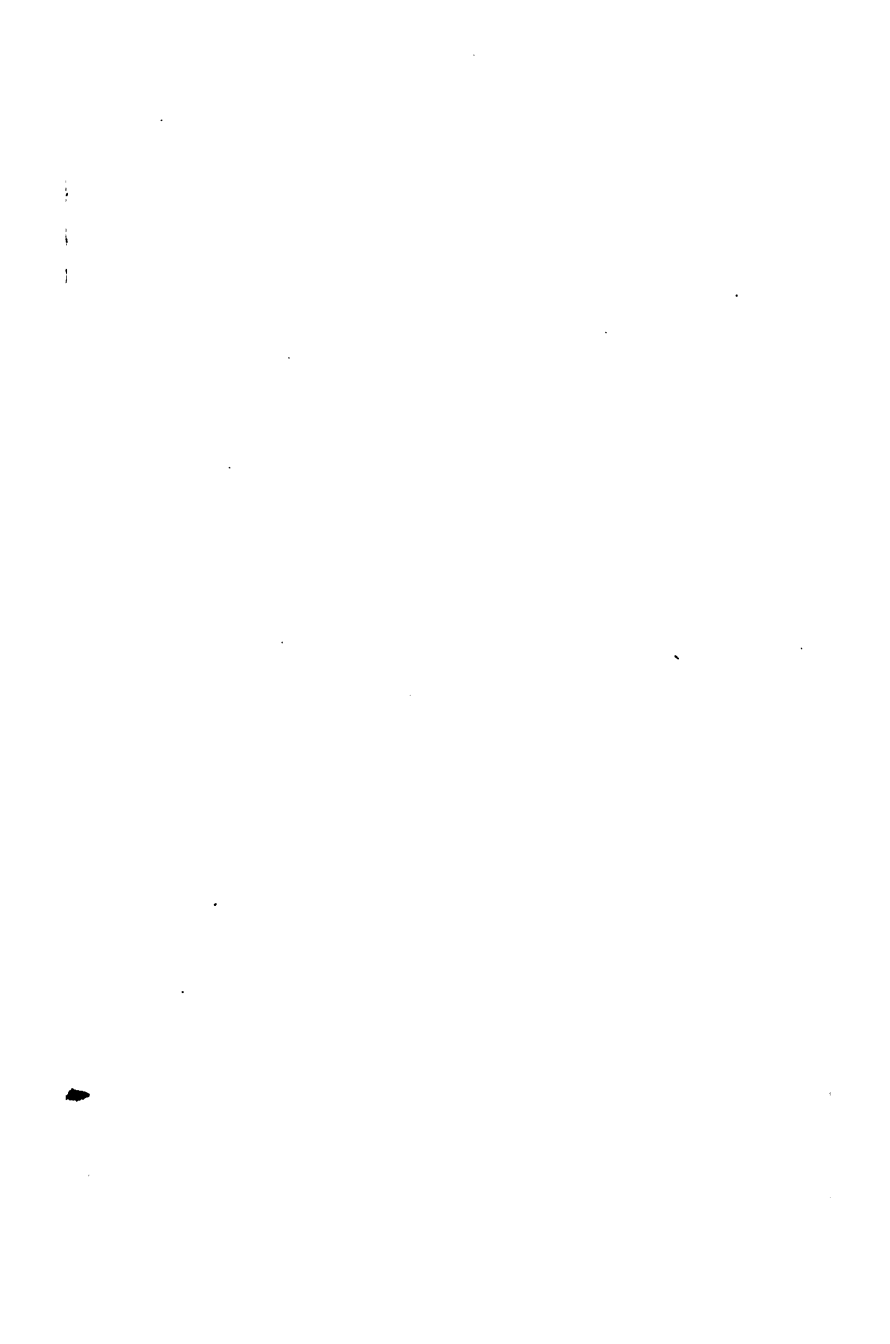
was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening, the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage before. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day; "But
 " this gentleman," continued he, " seems
 " born to tread the stage. His voice, his
 " figure,

“ figure, and attitudes, are all admirable.
 “ We caught him up accidentally in our journey down.” This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last, and I found it was my unfortunate son. He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived us, and stood at once speechless and immovable. The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don’t know what were the sensations I felt; for they succeeded with
 too

too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as

if happy in the consciousness of unresisting beauty, and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

END OF VOL I.



160
217